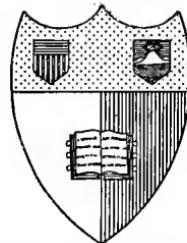


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Being the Works of Shakespeare in the
Spelling of the best Quarto and Folio Texts
Edited by F. J. Furnivall and the late
W. G. Boswell-Stone.



A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAME

by

William Shakespeare

EDITED BY

F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A., PH.D., D.LITT.

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A Midsommer Nights Dreame.

FOREWORDS.

SHAKSPERE began his Comedies with a mixture of French Court life and English peasants in *Loves Labors Lost*, and then turned to Latin drama for his second play, *The Comedie of Errors*. For his (probably) third comedy, *Midsommer Nights Dreame*, he came back to England, and blended Greek Court life, as he imagined it, with the humours of the Warwickshire country folk among whom he had been born and bred, and the fairy-lore which he had learnt in his Stratford home, and of the old people with whom he had gossipt. These he combined into a whole, which, though weak as a drama, is so full of poetic beauties and charming fancies, of delightful humour and cheery merriment, that many critics insist on its belonging to a later period in the playwright's career. But structurally and metrically the comedy belongs to Shakspere's early time of mistaken identity and cross purposes, of more than two sets of lovers, of ryme and of doggerel, before he had settled down to Italian story for the sources of his lighter plays. Even if Titania's account in II. i. 81-117, of the effect of the storms of wind and rain are held to apply to those of 1594 described by Stowe in his *Annales*, ed. 1605, p. 1274-5, 1277-8,—as well as by Bp. King and Simon Forman—the latter date cannot alter the family-tie which binds the *Dreame* to the *Errors* and *L. L. Lost*.

As our old Trinity-Hall tutor, Sir Henry (then Mr.) Maine, showed in the *Edinburgh Review* for April 1848, “the fairies are the primary conception of the piece, and their action the main action. Shakspere wished to represent this fanciful creation in contact with two strongly marked extremes of human nature; the instruments by which they influence them being, aptly enough, in one case the ass’s head, in the other the ‘little

A Midsommer Nights Dreame.

western flower.' It is necessary to this idea that the two actions of the heroes and the artisans should be considered completely subordinate, and their separate relations among themselves as not having been created relatively to the whole piece, but principally to the intended action of the fairies upon them. . . . The *Midsummer Night's Dream* is a drama on the night of Midsumner Day, a night sanctified to the operations of fairies, as Hallowe'en was to those of witches . . . and by far the most important division [of the play] comprehends all the transactions of the Midsummer Night: its action is carefully restricted to the duration of these twelve witching hours, Oberon having, as he says, to perform all before 'the first cock crow.'" The whims of the fairies rule the fates of the mortals in this play; the quarrels of the lovers spring from Oberon's and Titania's quarrel, and their happiness flows from the reconciliation of the fancy beings. Not thus does Shakspere use the creatures of his imagination in later life when, in the *Tempest*, he makes them the servants of Prospero for the purposes of good.

Theseus, though lightly sketcht, is a true gentleman, as his words about the workmen's play in V. i. 81-105 show; and in love of sport he is rightly matcht with Hippolita, as their delight in the music of the cry of hounds testifies, IV. i. 107-129. Bottom is a gem, with his amusing self-sufficiency and muddleheadedness; and his fellow-mechanicals have each their individual touch. The play is Stratford all through, in woodland, flower, and country lore. Helena and Hermia, the tall and short boys in Shakspere's company—seen again, tho' perhaps not the same ones, in Rosalind and Celia, and the short one in Maria—are Stratford girls, needle-working and singing together, the little tempery one threatening to scratch the tall one's eyes. These country damsels are earlier in Shakspere's work than a lady like Portia, earlier than Sylvia and Julia, the latter of whom could never have cald her friend a painted maypole. The funny notion of the earth being bored, and the moon creeping thru it to disturb folk in the Antipodes, may have been taken from a passage and woodcut in Caxton's 'Myrrour of the World,' in which stones dropt from either pole of the world would meet in the middle of it. Tho' Theseus says that four days and nights are to pass before his wedding, only the two nights of

Forewords.

April 29 and 30, and the three days of April 29 and 30 and May 1 do so pass, tho' the fairies stop with the married couple till the break of the fourth day, May 2.¹ Mr. Fleay thinks that the play was written for the marriage of William Stanley, Earl of Derby, with Elizabeth Vere, the Earl of Oxford's daughter, on Jan. 26, 1595. At their marriage feast then most royally kept (see Stowe's *Annales*, p. 1279), if the *Dreame* had been performd, I think Stowe would have notist it.

The best Quarto of the *Midsommer Nights Dreame* is the first, issued by Thomas Fisher in 1600, and enterd in the Stationers' Company's Register on "8 Octobris, Thomas Fyssher. Entred for his copie vnder thandes of Master Rodes / and the Wardens. A booke called A mydsommer nightes Dreame. vj."—Arber's *Transcript*, iii. 174. Its titlepage is given below. Evidently later in 1600, James Roberts printed and publisht the second Quarto of the play, in better type, with fuller stage-directions and more exits, but with more mistakes, tho' it corrected a few of the blunders of Q1. From this worse Q2, the play was printed in the First Folio, and that was reprinted, with a few variations, in the second Folio, 1632, the third, 1664, and the fourth, 1685. In 1598 Francis Meres mentions the *Dreame* as one of Shakspere's Comedies. The plot of the *Dreame*, such as it is, was Shakspere's own. He got Oberon from Lord Berners's englisch *Huon of Burdeaux* (Early English Text Soc. ed. Lee, see p. 50), the name Titania from Ovid's *Metamorphoses* iii. 173 and Arthur Golding's translation of it, where Titania is a name of Diana. Puck (ooke, pixy) was the name he gave the Robin Goodfellow of English fairy-lore, of Reginald Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584 (ed. Nicholson 1886, p. 67, 122), and Nash's *Terrors of the Night*, 1594. Theseus and Hippolita came from North's englishing of Amiot's French translation of Plutarch's *Lives*, as well as the names Perigenia (Perigouna in North), Ægles, Ariadne and Antiope, *Dreame* II. i. 78-80 (Hazlitt's Sh. Library, p. 15-16, 28-37); and Chaucer's *Knight's Tale* must have been also in Shakspere's mind when he was writing of Theseus and Hippolita, and of Philostrate, the name that Arcite

¹ See P. A. Daniel's paper in *Trans. New Sh. Soc.* 1877-9, p. 147.

A Midsommer Nights Dreame.

took when he went to Athens after he got his freedom. The love-juice he may have derived a hint of from the MS. of the englisht Montemayor's *Diana*, printed in 1598, which he probably used in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Shakspere's compliment in II. i. 148-168 to Queen Elizabeth, and his allusions to Mary, Queen of Scots, to her backers, the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, and to Leicester's failure to win his Queen, are displayd on a background described in Laneham's Letter on Leicester's Entertainment to Elizabeth at Kenilworth in 1575¹ and in Gascoigne's *Princely Pleasures*.

¹ See the re-issue of my edition in Chatto & Windus's *Shakespeare Library*.

[not in Q, or F.]

THE NAMES OF ALL THE ACTORS.

(A star (*) to a scene means that the Actor is in it, but does not speak.)

THESEUS, Duke of Athens (betrothed to **HIPPOLITA**), I.i.1, p. 1; IV.i.102, p. 46; V.i.2, p. 52.

EGEUS, father of **HERMIA**, I.i.20, p. 2; IV.i.127, p. 47.

LYSANDER, loving, & lov'd by, **HERMIA**, I.i.93, p. 4; II.ii.35, 103, pp. 20, 22; III.ii.122, 401, pp. 33, 42; IV.i.140, p. 48; V.i.30, p. 53.

DEMETRIUS, loving, but not lov'd by, **HERMIA**, tho' lov'd by **HELENA**, I.i.91, p. 3; II.i.188, p. 16; II.ii.85, p. 21; III.ii.43, 137, 404, pp. 31, 33, 41; IV.i.159, p. 48; V.i.152, p. 56.

PHILOSTRADE, Master of the Revels to **THESEUS**, I.i.* p. 1; V.i.38, p. 53.

HIPPOLITA, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to **THESEUS**, I.i.7, p. 1; IV.i.111, p. 47; V.i.1, 207, pp. 52, 58.

HERMIA, EGEUSES daughter, in love with **LYSANDER**, I.i.53, p. 2; II.ii.39, 145, pp. 20, 23; III.ii.45, 177, 442, pp. 31, 34, 42; IV.i.188, p. 49; V.i.* p. 52.

HELENA (NEDARS daughter), In love with **DEMETRIUS**, I.i.181, p. 6; II.ii.195, p. 16; II.ii.84, p. 21; III.ii.128, 431, pp. 33, 42; IV.i.189, p. 49; V.i.* p. 52.

'The Clowns.' Actors in the Enterlude. ('Hardhanded men that worke in Athene,' V.i.72, p. 54.)

QUINCE the Carpenter (and Manager), I.ii.1, p. 8; III.i.2, 104, pp. 24, 27; IV.ii.1, p. 50.
as **PROLOGUE** (the cast for **THISBIES** Father, I.ii.54, p. 10), V.i.108, p. 55.

SNUGGE the Joiner, I.ii.57, p. 10; III.i.44, p. 25; IV.ii.75, p. 51.
as **LION**, V.i.215, p. 58.

BOTTOM the Weaver, I.ii.2, p. 8; III.i.1, p. 24; IV.i.5, 199, pp. 43, 49; IV.ii.23, p. 51.
as **PYRAMUS**, V.i.168, 262, 338, pp. 57, 60, 62.

FLUTE the Bellows-mender, I.ii.34, p. 9; III.i.77, p. 26; IV.ii.5, p. 50.
as **THISBY**, V.i.186, 254, 312, pp. 57, 59, 61.

The Names of all the Actors.

SNOUT the Tinker, I.ii.53, p. 10; III.i.12, 101, pp. 24, 27; IV.ii,* p. 50.
as **WALL** (*the cast for PYRAMUS Father*, I.ii.54, p. 10), V.i.154, p. 56.

STARUELING the Tayler, I.ii.50, p. 9; III.i.13, p. 24; IV.ii.3, p. 50.
as **MOONSHINE** (*the cast for THISBIES Mother*, I.ii.51, p. 9), V.i.132, p. 59.

(**TAWYER**, *with a Trumpet*, V.i.125-6,* p. 55.)

Fairies.

OBERON, King of Fairies (*with his trains*), II.i.60, p. 13; II.ii.27, p. 20; III.ii.1, p. 29; IV.i.45, p. 45; V.i.377, p. 63.

TYTANIA, Queen of Fairies (*with her traine*), II.i.61, p. 13; II.ii.1, p. 29; III.i.113, p. 27; IV.i.1, p. 43; V.i.383, p. 63.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW, or FUCK (OBERONS attendant), II.i.1, 248, pp. 11, 18; II.ii.66, p. 21; III.i.76, p. 26; III.ii.6, 110, 421, pp. 30, 32, 42; IV.ii.83, p. 46; V.i.357, p. 62.

A Fairy, II.i.2, p. 11. Fairies (*with a song*), II.ii.9, p. 19.

PEASE-BLOSSOME, III.i.144, p. 28; IV.i.6, p. 43.

COBWEBBE, III.i.144, p. 28; IV.i.9, p. 43.

MOTH, III.i.144, p. 28; IV.i,* p. 43.

MUSTARD-SEEDE, III.i.144, p. 28; IV.i.18, p. 44.

} TYTANIAS Attendants.

Scene: Athens, Theseuses Palace, & Quinces house; & a Wood near Athens.

Time: April 29, 30, May 1, and May 2 at V.i.349.

NOTICE

In the Text, black type (Clarendon or Sans-serif) is used for all emendations and insertions.

When a *Quarto* reading is corrected by the First *Folio* or another *Quarto*, a mark (*, †, ‡, §) is set to such reading.

In the Notes 'Q' means the First *Quarto*, 1600, from which the Play is edited. 'F' means the First *Folio* of 1623. F2, the Second *Folio* of 1632 (whose emendations are not treated as Shakspere's).

¶ in the Text, means that the speaker turns and speaks to a fresh person.

Words having now a different stress to the Elizabethan, are generally accented, for the reader's convenience, as 'exile,' &c. When -ed final is pronounced as a separate syllable, the e is printed ē.



A Midfommer nights dreame.

As it hath beene fundry times pub-
licly acted, by the Right honoura-
ble, the Lord Chamberlaine his
seruants.

Written by William Shakespeare.



¶Imprinted at London, for *Thomas Fisher*, and are to
be foulde at his shoppe, at the Signe of the White Hart,
in Fleetestreete. 1600.

[From the Duke of Devonshire's copy of the *Qnarto*.]

A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAME.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.*

THESEUS palace. Athens. April 29.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLITA, & PHILOSTRATE, with others.

Thefeus.

Now, faire *Hippolita*, our nuptiall hower I
Draws on apase: fower happy daies bring in
An other Moone: but oh, me thinks, how flow 4
This old Moone waness! She lingers my desires,
Like to a Stepdame, or a Dowager,
Long withering out a yong mans reuenewe.

Hip. Fower daies will quickly steepe themselfes in night:
Fower nights will quickly dreame away the time: 8
And then the Moone, like to a siluer bowe,
New bent in heauen, shall beholde the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Goe, *Philoftrate!*

Stirre vp the Athenian youth to merriments; 12
Awake the peart and nimble spirit of Mirth;
Turne Melancholy foorth to Funerals!
The pale companion is not for our pomp. [*Exit PHILOSTRATE.*
¶ *Hippolita*, † I wo'd thee with my fword, 16
And wonne thy loue, doing thee iniuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pompe, with triumph, and with reueling.

**Actus Primus.] F.*
4. *waness]* waues (turnd n) Q; | 10. *new]* Rowe. now Q1, 2, F.
waues Q2, F. | †16. *Hippolita]* Hippolitæ Q.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

*Enter EGEUS and his daughter HERMIA, and LYSANDER ;
and HELENA, and DEMETRIUS.*

Ege. Happy be *Theſeus*, our renownēd duke ! 20

The. Thankes, good *Egēus* ! Whats the newes with thee ?

Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint
Against my childe, my daughter *Hermia*.

¶ Stand forth, *Demetrius* !

¶ My noble Lord, 24

This man hath my consent to marry her.

¶ Stand forth, *Lifander* !

¶ And, my gratiouſe Duke, 28

This man hath bewitcht the bosome of my childe.

¶ Thou, thou, *Lyfander* ! thou haſt giuen her rimes

And interchang'd lone-tokens with my childe :

Thou haſt, by moone-light, at her windowe fung,

With faining voice, verſes of faining loue,

And ſtolne the impression of her phantafie 32

With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceites,

Knackes, trifles, noſegaiſ, ſweete-meates, (meffengers

Of ſtrong preuailement in vnhardened youth :)

With cunning haſt thou filcht my daughters heart,

Turnd her obedience (which is due to mee), 36

To ſtrubborne harlhneſſe. ¶ And, my gratiouſe Duke,

Be it fo, ſhe will not here, before your Grace,

Consent to marry with *Demetrius*, 40

I beg the auncient priuiledge of *Athens* :

As ſhe is mine, I may diſpoſe of her :

Which ſhall be, either to thiſ gentleman, [*Points to DEMETRIUS*].

Or to her death ; according to our lawe, 44

Immediatly prouided, in that caſe.

The. What ſay you, *Hermia* ? Be aduiſ'd, faire maid !

To you, your father ſhould be as a God :

One that compof'd your beauties ; yea, and one 48

To whome you are but as a forme in wax,

By him imprinted, and within his power

To leauue the figure, or diſfigure it :

Demetrius is a worthy gentleman. 53

Her. So is *Lifander*.

The. In himſelfe he is :

I. i. 20-53.] 2

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

But, in this kinde, wanting your fathers voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father lookt but with my eyes ! 56

The. Rather, your eyes muſt, with his iudgement, looke !

Her. I doe intreat your grace to pardon mee !

I know not by what power I am made bould ;
Nor how it may concerne my modefty, 60
In ſuch a preſence, here to plead my thoughts :
But I beſeech your Grace, that I may knowe
The worft that may befall mee in this caſe,
If I refufe to wed *Demetrius.* 64

The. Either to dy the death, or to abiure,
For euer, the ſociety of men.

Therefore, faire *Hermia,* queſtion your deſires,
Knowe of your youth, examine well your blood, 68
Whether (if you yeede not to your fathers choyce,)
You can endure the liuery of a Nunne,
For aye to be in ſhady cloyſter mew'd,
To liue a barraine fifter all your life, 72
Chaunting faint hymnes to the colde fruitleſſe Moone.
Thrife bleſſed they that maſter ſo thei're* bloode,
To vndergoe ſuich maiden pilgrimage ;
But earthlyer happy, is the roſe diſtild,
Then that, which, withering on the virgin thorne, 76
Growes, liues, and dies, in ſingle bleſſedneſſe !

Her. So will I growe, ſo liue, ſo die, my Lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin Patent vp 80
Vnto his Lordſhippe, whose vnwiſhed yoake
My ſoule conſents not to giue ſouerainty.

The. Take time to pawſe, and, by the next newe moone,
(The ſealing day betwixt my loue and mee 84
For everlaſting bond of fellowſhipte,)
Vpon that day, either prepare to dye,
(For diſobedience to your fathers will,)
Or elſe to wed *Demetrius,* as he would ;
Or, on *Dianas* altar, to proteſt
For aye, auferitie and ſingle life.

Deme. Relent, ſweete *Hermia ! ¶* and, *Lyſander,* yeld

*74. *thei're]* their Qz, F. there Q.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Thy crazed title to my certaine right !	92
<i>Lys.</i> You haue her fathers loue, <i>Demetrius</i> ;	
Let me haue <i>Hermias</i> ! doe you marry him !	
<i>Egeus.</i> Scornefull <i>Lysander</i> ! true, he hath my loue ;	
And what is mine, my loue shall render him.	96
And she is mine ; and all my right of her,	
I doe estate vnto <i>Demetrius</i> .	
<i>Lysand.</i> I am, my Lord, as well deriu'd as hee,	
As well possest ; my loue is more than his ;	100
My fortunes every way as fairely rankt	
(If not with vantage) as <i>Demetrius</i> :	
And (which is more then all these boastes can he,) I am belou'd of beautious <i>Hermia</i> .	104
Why should not I then prosecute my right ?	
<i>Demetrius</i> (Ile auouch it to his heade !)	
Made loue to <i>Nedars</i> daughter, <i>Helena</i> ,	
And won her soule ; and she (sweete Ladie) dotes,	108
Deuoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,	
Vpon this spotted and inconstant man.	
<i>The.</i> I must confesse that I haue heard so much ;	
And, with <i>Demetrius</i> , thought to haue spoke thereof ;	112
But, being ouer full of selfe affaires, [looks at <i>Hyp.</i>	
My minde did loose it. ¶ But, <i>Demetrius</i> , come !	
¶ And come, <i>Egeus</i> ! you shall goe with mee ;	
I haue some priuate schoolding for you both.	116
¶ For you, faire <i>Hermia</i> , looke you arme your selfe	
To fit your fancies to your fathers will ;	
Or else, the Law of <i>Athens</i> yeelds you vp	
(Which by no meanes we may extenuate,) To death, or to a vowe of fingle life.	120
¶ Come, my <i>Hyppolita</i> ! what cheare, my loue ? [takes her	
¶ <i>Demetrius</i> and <i>Egeus</i> ,* goe along ! hand.	
I must employ you in some busynesse,	124
Against our nuptiall, and conferre with you	
Of some thing, nerely that concernes your felues.	
<i>Ege.</i> With duety and desire, we follow you.	
[<i>Exeunt. Manent LYSANDER and HERMIA.</i> †	

*123. *Egeus*] Q2, F. Egeu Q.

†127. *Exeunt. Manent . . .*] *Exeunt. Manet F. Exeunt. Qq.*
I. i. 92-127.]

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Lysand. How now, my loue? Why is your cheeke so pale?
How chance the roses there doe fade so fast? 129

Her. Belike, for want of raine, which I could well
Beteeme them, from the tempeft of my eyes.

Lis. Eigh me! for aught that I could euer reade, 132
Could ever here by tale or history,
The course of true loue neuer did runne smoothe;
But either it was different in bloud;

(*Her.* O croffe! too high to be inthrald to lowe.) 136

Lis. Or else misgraffed, in respect of yeares;
(*Her.* O spight! too olde to be ingag'd to young.)

Lis. Or else, it floode vpon the choyce of friends;
(*Her.* O hell! to choose loue by anothers eyes.) 140

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choyce,
Warre, death, or ficknesse, did lay siege to it,
Making it momentany, as a sound;

Swift, as a shadowe; short, as any dreame; 144
Briefe, as the lightning in the collied night,
That (in a spleene) vnfolde both heauen and earth,
And, ere a man hath power to say, ‘Beholde!’

The iawes of darkenesse do deuoure it vp 148
So quicke, bright things come to confusio[n]!

Her. If, then, true louers haue bin euer croft,
It stand as an edict in destiny;

Then let vs teach our triall, patiēnce, 152
Because it is a customary croffe,

As dewe to loue, as thoughts, and dreames, and fighes,
Wishes, and teares, poore Fancies followers.

Lys. A good perfwation: therefore, heare mee, *Hermia!*
I haue a widowe aunt, a dowager, 157
Of great reuēnew, and she hath no childe:

From *Athens* is her houſe remote, feauen leagues;

And the reſpectes mee as her only fonne. 160
There, gentle *Hermia*, may I marry thee;
And, to that place, the sharpe *Athenian* law
Can not purfue vs. If thou louest mee, then,
Steale forth thy fathers houſe to-morrow night;

And in the wood, a league without the towne, 164

136. *loue*] Theobald. *loue* Qq, F. 154. *dewe*] Q. *dwe* Qz, F.
[L. i. 128-165.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

(Where I did mee the once with *Helena*,
To do obseruance to a morne of May,) There will I stay for thee.

Her. [takes Lys.'s hand] My good *Lysander* ! 168
I feare to thee, by *Cupids* strongest bowe,
By his best arrowe, with the golden heade,
By the simplicitie of *Venus* doues,
By that which knitteth foules, and prospers loues, 172
And by that fire which burnd the *Carthage* queene,
When the false *Troian* vnder faile was seene, 174
By all the vowes that euer men haue broke,
(In number more then euer women spoke !) 176
In that same place thou haft appointed mee,
To-morrow truely will I mee the with thee ! 178
Lys. Keepe promise, loue ! Looke, here comes *Helena* !

Enter HELENA.

Her. God speede, faire *Helena* ! whither away ?
Hel. Call you mee 'faire' ? That 'faire' againe vnsay ! 181
Demetrius loues your 'faire' : ô happy 'faire' !
Your eyes are loadstarres ; and your tongue's sweete aire 183
More tunable then larke, to sheepeheards eare,
When wheat is greene, when hauthorne buddes appeare. 185
Sickneffe is catching : O, were fauour fo,
Your words *Ide* catch, 'faire' *Hermia*, ere I goe ; 187
My eare should catch your voice, my eye, your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongues sweete melody ! 189
Were the world mine, (*Demetrius* being bated,)
The rest ile glue to be to you tranlated. 191
O, teach mee how you looke ; and with what Art,
You fsway the motion of *Demetrius* heart ! 193

Her. I frowne vpon him ; yet hee loues mee still.

Hel. O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skil !

Her. I gliae him curses ; yet he giues mee loue.

Hel. O that my prayers could such affection mooue ! 197

Her. The more I hate, the more he followes mee.

Hel. The more I loue, the more he hateth mee. 199

Her. His folly, *Helena*, is no fault of mine.

182. *your*] Q. you F.

187. *Idæ*] Fz. I Qq, F.

191. *ide*] Q, F. ide Hanmer

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

<i>Hel.</i> None but your beauty : would that fault were mine !	
<i>Her.</i> Take comfort ! he no more shall see my face :	
<i>Lysander</i> and my selfe will fly this place.	203
Before the time I did <i>Lisander</i> see,	
Seem'd <i>Athens</i> as a Paradise to mee.	205
O then, what graces in my loue dooe dwell,	
That hee hath turnd a heauen vnto a hell !	207
<i>Lys.</i> <i>Helen!</i> to you our mindes wee will vnfould :	
To-morrow night, when <i>Phoebe</i> doth beholde	209
Her siluer visage in the wattryst glasse,	
Decking with liquid pearle the bladed graffe,	211
(A time that louers flights doth still conceale)	
Through <i>Athens</i> gates, hauie wee deuif'd to steale.	213
<i>Her.</i> And in the wood, where often you and I,	
Vpon faint Primrose beddes were wont to lye,	215
(Emptyng our bosomes, of their counsell sweld,)	
There, my <i>Lysander</i> and my selfe shall meeete ;	
And thence, from <i>Athens</i> , turne away our eyes,	
To seeke new friends and ftrange companions.	219
Farewell, sweete playfellow ! pray thou for vs,	
And good lucke graunt thee thy <i>Demetrius</i> !	221
¶ Keepe word, <i>Lysander</i> ! we must starue our fight	
From louers foode, till morrow deepe midnight.	223
[Exit HERMIA.]	
<i>Lys.</i> I will, my <i>Hermia</i> . ¶ <i>Helena</i> , adieu !	
As you on him, <i>Demetrius</i> dote on you ! [Exit LYSANDER.]	
<i>Hele.</i> How happie some, ore othersome can be !	
Through <i>Athens</i> , I am thought as faire as shee.	227
But what of that ? <i>Demetrius</i> thinkes not so ;	
He will not knowe, what all but hee doe know.	229
And as hee erres, doting on <i>Hermias</i> eyes,	
So I, admiring of his qualities.	231
Things base and vile, holding no quantitie,	
Loue can transpose to forme and dignitie.	233
Loue lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde ;	
And therefore is wingd <i>Cupid</i> painted blinde.	235
Nor hath loues minde, of any iudgement taste ;	
Wings, and no eyes, figure vnheedy haste.	237

207. *vnto a*] Q. into Q2, F. *210. *wattryst*] watty Q. watry Q2, F.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

And therefore is loue said to bee a childe,	
Beauife, in choyce, he is so oft beguil'd.	239
As waggish boyes, in game themselues forsware,	
So the boy, Loue, is perjur'd euery where.	241
For, ere <i>Demetrius</i> lookt on <i>Hermias</i> eyen,	
Hee hayld downe othes, that he was onely mine.	243
And when this haile, some heate from <i>Hermia</i> felt,	
So he dissolued, and shoures of oathes did melt.	245
I will goe tell him of faire <i>Hermias</i> flight:	
Then to the Wodde, will he, to morrow night	247
Purfue her: and for this intelligence,	
If I haue thankes, it is a deare expense:	249
But herein meane I to enrich my paine,	
To haue his fight, thither, and back againe.	[Exit. 251]

Actus Primus. Scena Secunda.

QUINCES house. Athens. April 29.

Enter, Quince the Carpenter, and Snugge the Ioyner, and Bottom the Weauer, and Flute the Bellowes mender, & Snout the Tinker, and Starueling the Tayler.

*Quin.** Is all our company heere?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrippe. ³

Quin. Here is the scrowle of euery mans name, which is thought fit, through al *Athens*, to play in our Enterlude, before the Duke, & the Dutches, on his wedding day at night.

Bott. First, good Peeter Quince, say what the Play treats on; then read the names of the Actors; & so grow to a point! ⁸

Quin. Mary, our Play is, 'The most lamentable comedy, and most cruell death, of Pyramus and Thisby.'

Bot. A very good peece of worke, I affiure you, & a merry! Now, good Peeter Quince, call forth your Actors, by the scrowle! ¶ Masters, spreade your selues! [They do so. ¹³

Quin. Answere, as I call you. ¶ Nick Bottom, the Weauer?

Bott. Readie! Name what part I am for, and proceede!

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are fet downe for Pyramus. ¹⁶

*I. *Quin.*] Q2, F. *Qnин.* (turnd u) Q.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Bott. What is *Pyramus*? A louer, or a tyrant? 17

Quin. A louer, that kils himselfe, most gallant, for loue.

Bott. That will aske some teares in the true performing of it. If I doe it, let the Audience looke to their eyes! I wil moone stromes! I will condole, in some measure! To the ref! . . . yet my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to teare a Cat in, to make all split 23

The raging rocks:
And shiuering shocks
Shall breake the locks
Of prison gates! 27
And Phibus carre
Shall shine from farre,
And make Es marre
The foolish Fates! 31

This was loftie! Now, name the rest of the Players! This is *Ercles* vaine, a tyrants vaine: A louer is more condoling!

Quin. *Francis Flute*, the Bellowes mender?

Flu. Here, Peeter Quince! 35

Quin. *Flute*, you must take *Thyby* on you.

Flut.* What is *Thyby*? A wanding knight?

Quin. It is the Lady that *Pyramus* must loue. 38

Fl. Nay, faith; let not me play a woman! I haue a beard comming. [strokes his chin.]

Quin. That's all one! you shall play it in a Mafke; and you may speake as small as you will. 42

Bott. And I may hide my face, let me play *Thyby* too!† He speake in a monstrous little voice, thifne,thifne: 'Ah, *Pyramus*, my louer deare! thy *Thyby* deare, & Lady deare!' 45

Qu. No, no! you must play *Pyramus*: ¶ & *Flute*, you *Thyby*.

Bot. Well, proceede!

Qui. *Robin Starueling*, the Tailer? 49

Star. Here, Peeter Quince!

Quin. *Robin Starueling*, you must play *Thybyes* mother. ¶ *Tom Snowte*, the Tinker?

*37. *Flut.*] F. Fla. Q1, 2. way, this way. 'Thisne, Thisne'

+43. *too*] F. to Q1, 2. Q, F.

44. *thisne, thisne* = this'n, this

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Snowt. Here, *Peter Quince*!

53

Quin. You, *Pyramus* father; my selfe, *Thibies* father¹.
¶ *Snugge*, the Ioyner! you, the Lyons part: And, I hope,
here is a Play fitted!

56

Snug. Haue you the Lyons part written? Pray you, if it
bee, giue it mee; [holds out his hand] for I am flowe of studie.

Quin. You may doe it *extempore*; for it is nothing but
roaring.

60

Bott. Let mee play the Lyon too!* I will roare, that I will
doe any mans heart good to heare mee! I will roare, that I
will make the Duke say, 'Let him roare againe! let him
roare againe!' 64

Quin. And you should do it too terribly, you would fright
the Dutchesse, and the Ladies, that they would shrike; and
that were inough to hang vs all.

All. That would hang vs, euery mothers sonne!

68

Bot. I grant you, friends, if you should fright the Ladies
out of their wits, they would haue no more discretion but to
hang vs: but I will aggrauate my voice so, that I wil roare
you as gently as any fucking due; I will roare you and²
'twere any Nightingale.

73

Quin. You can play no part but *Piramus*; for *Piramus* is
a sweete fac't man; a proper man as one shall see in a som-
mers day; a most louely gentlemaulike man: therefore you
must needes play *Piramus*.

77

Bot. Well; I will vndertake it. What beard were I best
to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

80

Bot. I wil discharge it, in either your straw-colour beard,
your Orange-tawnie bearde, your purple-in-graine beard, or
your French-crowne-colour beard, your perfit yellow.

83

Quin. Some of your 'French crownes' haue no haire at
all; and then you will play bare-fac't. But, Maisters! here
are your parts! [gives em] And I am to intreat you, request
you, and desire you, to con them by to morrow night; and
meete mee in the palace wood, a mile without the towne, by
Moonelight: there will wee rehearse: for if wee meete [89]

¹ See note on *L.L.L.*, V.i. 105. | 69. *if*] Q1, 2. If that F.

*61. *too*] Q2, F. to Q.

² and = as if.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

in the city, wee shal be dogd with company, and our deuises knowne. In the meane time, I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, faile me not. 92

Bot. Wee will meeete; & there we may rehearse most obscenely, and coragiouly. Take paines! bee perfit! adieu!

Quin. At the Dukes oke wee meeete. 95

Bot. Enough! holde, or cut bowstrings! [Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.*

A Wood neere Athens. April 30.

Enter, a Fairie at one doore, and ROBIN GOODFELLOW
(PUCKE) at another.

Robin. How now, spirit? whither wander you?

Fa. Ouer hill, ouer dale, 2

Thorough bush, thorough brier,

Ouer parke, ouer pale,

Thorough flood, thorough fire, 5

I do wander euery where,

Swifter than the Moons sphere; 7

And I serue the Fairy Queene,

To dew her orbs vpon the greene. 9

The cowslippes tall, her Pensioners bee;

In their gold coats, spottes you see: 11

Those be Rubies, Fairie fauours;

In thofe freckles, liue their fauours. 13

I must goe feeke some dew-droppes here,

And hang a pearle in euery coulippes eare. 15

Farewell, thou Lobbe of spirits! Ile be gon.

Our Queene, and all her Elues, come here anon. 17

Rob. The king doth keepe his Reuels here to night.

Take heede the Queene come not within his sight; 19

For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,

Because that she, as her attendant, hath 21

A louely boy, stollen from an Indian king:

* *Actus Secundus*] F.

II [I. ii. 90-96; II. i. 1-22.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

(She never had so sweete a changeling ;)	23
And iealous <i>Oberon</i> would haue the childe,	25
Knight of his traine, to trace the forrests wilde.	25
But shee, perforce, withhoulds the loued boy,	27
Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her ioy.	27
And now, they never meete in grove or greene,	29
By fountaine cleare, or spangled starlight sheene,	29
But they doe square, that all their Elues, for feare,	31
Creepe into acorne cups, and hide them there.	31
<i>Fa.</i> Either I mistake your shape and making, quite,	33
Or els you are that shrewde and knauish sprite	33
Call'd <i>Robin goodfellow</i> . Are not you hee	35
That frights the maidens of the Villageree;	35
Skim milke, and sometimes labour in the querne,	37
And bootleffe make the breathleffe hufwife cherne;	37
And sometime make the drinke to beare no barme;	39
Mislead nightwanderers, laughing at their harme?	39
Those, that 'Hobgoblin' call you, and 'sweete Puck,'	41
You doe their worke, and they shall haue good luck.	41
Are not you hee ?	
<i>Rob.</i> Thou speakeft aright ;	
I am that merry wanderer of the night.	43
I feast to <i>Oberon</i> , and make him smile,	45
When I a fat and beane-fed horfe beguile,	45
Neyghing in likenesse of a filly fole.	
And sometime lurke I in a goffippes bole,	47
In very likenesse of a rosted crabbe ;	47
And, when she drinkes, againt her lips I bob,	49
And on her withered dewlop ¹ poure the ale.	
The wifest Aunt, telling the saddest tale,	51
Sometime, for three foote stoole, mistaketh mee :	
Then slippe I from her bumme : downe topples she,	53
And 'tailour' cryes, and falles into a coffe ;	
And then the whole Quire hould their hippes, and loffe,	55
And waxen in their myrrh, and neeze, and swere	
'A merrier hower was never wasted there !'	57
But roome, Faery ! here comes <i>Oberon</i> !	
<i>Fa.</i> And here, my mistrefesse ! Would that he were gon !	59

¹ C. lop-eard rabbits. 46. *filly*] Q. silly Q2, F. 55. *loffe* = laugh.
[II. i. 23-59.]

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

*Enter the King of Fairies, (OBERON) at one doore, with his
traine ; and the Queene, (TYTANIA) at another, with hers.*

Ob. Ill met by moonelight, proud *Tytania!* 60

Qu. What ! Iealous Oberon ? ¶ Fairies, skippe hence !
I haue forsworne his bedde, and company.

Ob. Tarry, rash wanton ! Am not I thy Lord ?

Qu. Then I must be thy Lady : but I know 64
When thou haft stollen away from Fairy land,
And, (in the shape of *Corin,*) sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corne, and versing loue,
To amorous *Philliada.* Why art thou here, 68
(Come from the fartheft steppe of *India,*)
But that, forsooth, the bounfing *Amazon,*
Your buskind mistreffe, and your warriour loue,
To *Theseus* must be wedded ; and you come, 72
To give their bedde, ioy and prosperitie ?

Ob. How canſt thou thus, (for shame,) *Tytania,*
Glaunce at my credit with *Hippolita,* 76
Knowing I know thy loue to *Theseus* ?
Didſt not thou lead him through the glimmering night
From *Perigenia*, whom he rauifhēd ?
And make him, with faire *Aegle* breake his faith,
With *Ariadne*, and *Antiope?* 80

Quee. These are the forgeries of iealousie :
And neuer, (ſince the middle Sommers spring,) 84
Met we on hill, in dale, forreſt, or meade,
By pauēd fountaine, or by rushie brooke,
Or in the beachēd margent of the Sea,
To daunce our ringlets to the whiſtling winde,
But with thy brawles thou haſt diſturb'd our ſport.
Therefore the windes, piping to vs in vaine, 88
As in reuenge, haue fuckt vp from the Sea,
Contagious fogges : which, falling in the land,
Hath euery pelting riuier made fo proudē,
That they haue ouerborne their Continents. 92

61. *Fairy]* Q1, 2, F : the one chief or attendant Fairy of line 58 ; the ‘traine’ who enter, fall back ; but all are included in the ‘Fairies’ of F. | 1. 144. 69. *steppe]* ſteepe Q2, F. 79. *Aegle]* Rowe. Eagles Q1, 2, F.

A Midsommer Nightes Dreame.

The Oxe hath therefore stretcht his yoake in vaine,	
The Ploughman lost his sweat, and the greene corne	
Hath rotted, ere his youth attaine a bearde :	
The fold standes empty in the drownēd field,	96
And crowes are fatted with the murriōn flocke,	
The nine mens Morris is fild vp with mudde,	
And the queint Mazes in the wanton greene,	
For lacke of tread, are vndistinguishable.	
The hūmane mortals want their winter heere :	
No night is now with hymne or carroll blest.	
Therefore the Moone (the gouerneſſe of floods)	100
Pale in her anger, washes all the aire,	
That Rheumaticke diseases doe abound ;	
And, thorough this distemperature, wee fee	
The ſeafons alter : hoary-headed frosts	
Fall in the fresh lappe of the Crymfon roſe ;	108
And, on old <i>Hyems</i> chinne and Icy crowne,	
An odorous Chaplet of ſweete Sommer buddes,	
Is, as in mockery, ſet. The Spring, the Sommer,	
The childing Autumnne, angry Winter, change	
Their wondēt Liueries ; and the mazēd worlde,	
By their increafe, now knowes not which is which :	
And this fame progeny of euils, comes	
From our debate, from our diſſentīōn :	112
We are their Parents and originall.	
<i>Oberon.</i> Doe you amend it, then ! it lyes in you.	
Why ſhould <i>Titania</i> croſſe her <i>Oberon</i> ?	
I doe but begge a little Changeling boy,	120
To be my Henchman.	
<i>Queene.</i> Set your heart at reſt !	
The Faery Land buies not the childe of mee !	
His mother was a Votrefſſe of my order ;	
And in the ſpicēd <i>Indian</i> ayer, by night,	
Full often hath the goſſipt by my ſide,	124
And ſat with me on <i>Neptunes</i> yellow ſands,	
Marking th'embarkēd traders on the flood,	
When we haue laught to ſee the failes conceauē,	128

109. *chinne*] Q1, 2, F. *thin*
Tyrwhitt, conj. adopted by Halliwell, &c. But why 'thin'? (For thin hair, or a thin coating of ice?) A substitute is wanted for the bearded icicles that hang from *Hyems's* chin.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame

And grow bigge-bellied, with the wanton windē;
Which she, with prettie and with swimming gate,
Following, (her wombe then rich with my young squire),
Would imitate, and faile vpon the land, 132
To fetch me trifles, and returne againe,
As from a voyage, rich with marchandise.
But she, being mortall, of that boy did dye,
And, for her sake, doe I reare vp her boy ; 136
And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

Ob. How long, within this wood, entend you stay?

Quee. Perchaunce, till after *Thefeus* wedding day.

139

If you will patiently daunce in our Round, 140
And see our Moonelight Ruelles, goe with vs !
If not, shunne me, and I will spare your haunts !

Ob. Giue mee that boy, and I will goe with thee !

Quee. Not for thy Fairy kingdome ! ¶ Fairies, away ! 144
We shall chide downeright, if I longer stay !

[*Exeunt TYTANIA and her Traine.*

Ob. Well : goe thy way ! Thou shalt not from this groue,
Till I torment thee for this iniury !
¶ My gentle *Pucke*, come hither ! Thou remembrest, 148
Since once I sat vpon a promontory,
And heard a Mearemaide, on a Dolphins backe,
Vttering such dulcet and harmonious * breath,
That the rude sea grewe ciuill at her song, 152
And certaine † starres shot madly from their Spheares,
To heare the Sea-maids musicke.

Puck. I remember !

Ob. That very time, I saw, (but thou couldſt not,) Flying betweene the colde Moone and the earth, 156
Cupid, all arm'd : a certaine aime he tooke
At a faire Vestall, thronēd by the ‡ west,
And loof'd his loue-shaft smarly from his bowe,
As it should pearce a hundred thousand hearts ; 160
But, I might fee young *Cupids* fiery shaft
Quencht in the chaſt beames of the watry Moone ;
And the imperiall Votrefſe paſſēd on,

*151. *harmonious*] Q2, F. her- | †153. *certaine*] Q2, F. cettaine Q.
monious Q. | †158. *the*] F.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

In maiden meditation, fancy-free ! 164
 Yet markt I, where the bolt of *Cupid* fell.
 It fell vpon a little westerne flower ;
 Before, milke white ; now purple, with Louses wound,
 And maidens call it, ‘ Loue-in-idlenesse.’ 168
 Fetch mee that flowre ! the herbe I shewed thee once.
 The iewce of it, on sleeping eyeliddes laide,
 Will make, or man or woman, madly dote
 Vpon the next liue creature that it fees. 172
 Fetch mee this herbe, and be thou here againe
 Ere the *Leviathan* can swimme a league !
Pu. Ile put a girdle, round about the earth,
 In forty minutes ! [Exit. 176]
Oberon. Hauing once this iuice,
 Ile watch *Titania*, when she is a-sleepe,
 And droppe the liquor of it in her eyes :
 The next thing then, she, waking, lookes vpon,
 (Be it on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe, or Bull,) 180
 On medling Monkyn, or on busie Ape,) She shall pursue it, with the soule of Loue.
 And ere I take this charme from off* her fift,
 (As I can take it with another herbe,) 184
 Ile make her render vp her Page to mee.
 But who comes here ? I am inuisible ;
 And I will ouerheare their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him. 188
Deme. I loue thee not ! therefore pursue me not !
 Where is *Lyfander*, and faire *Hermia* ?
 The one Ile slay ; the other slayeth me.
 Thou toldst me they were stolne vnto this wood :
 And here am I ; and ‘ wodde’ (within this ‘ wood,’)
 Because I cannot meete my *Hermia*. 192
 Hence ! get thee† gone ! and follow mee no more !
Hel. You draw mee, you hard hearted Adamant !
 But yet you draw not Iron, for my heart 196

*183. *from off*] from of [= off] | Q1, 2, F.
 Q; off from Q2, F. | 192. *wodde* = mad.
 190. *slay . . slayeth*] Theobald | †194. *thee*] Q2, F. the Q.
 (Thirlby conj.). stay . . stayeth
 [IL i. 164-196.] 16

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Is true as steele. Leaue you your power to draw,
And I shall haue no power to follow you! 196

Deme. Doe I entife you? Doe I speake you faire?
Or rather, doe I not, in plaineſt truthe,
Tell you, 'I doe not, nor* I cannot loue you'? 200

Hele. And euen for that, do I loue you the more;
I am your Spaniell! and, *Demetrius*,
The more you beat mee, I will fawne on you. 204

Vſe me but as your Spaniell! ſpurne me, ſtrike mee,
Negleſt mee, loſe mee! onely giue me leaue,
(Vnworthie as I am,) to follow you!
What worſer place can I begge in your loue,
(And yet, a place of high reſpect with mee,) 208

Then to be vſēd as you vſe your dogge?

Deme. Tempt not too much the hatred of my ſpirit;
For I am ſick when I do looke on thee! 212

Hele. And I am ſick when I looke not on you!

Deme. You doe impeach your modeſtie too much,
To leaue the citie, and commit your ſelfe
Into the hands of one that loues you not; 216

To truſt the opportunitie of night,
And the ill counſell of a deſert place,
With the rich worth of your virginitie.

Hel. Your vertue is my priuiledge. For that
It is not night when I doe fee your face,
Therefore I thinke I am not in the night;
Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company,
For you, (in my reſpect,) are all the world. 220

Then, how can it be faide, 'I am alone,'
When 'all the world' is here to looke on mee?

Deme. Ile runne from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leaue thee to the mercy of wilde beaſtes! 224

Hel. The wildeſt hath not ſuch a heart as you!
Runne when you will; The ſtory ſhall be chaung'd:
Apollo flies, and *Daphne* holds the chafe;
The Doue purſues the Griffon; the milde Hinde 228

Makes ſpeeđe to catch the Tigre. Bootelefſe ſpeeđe,
When cowardife purſues, and valour flies!

*201. nor] F. not Q1, 2.

A Midsummers Nightes Dreame.

Demet. I will not stey thy questions ! Let me goe !
Or, if thou followe mee, do not beleue
But I shall doe thee mischiefe in the wood. 236

Hel. I, in the Temple, in the towne, the fielde,
You doe me mischiefe ! Fy, *Demetrius!*
Your wrongs doe fet a scandall on my sex ! 240
We cannot fight for loue, as men may doe ;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woe ! 242

[*Exit DEMETRIUS.*]

Ile follow thee, and make a heauen of hell,
To dy vpon the hand I loue so well ! [*Exit* HELENA.*]

Ob. Fare thee well, Nymph ! Ere he do leauue this groune,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seeke thy loue ! 246

Re-enter PUCKE.

¶ Haft thou the flower there ? Welcome, wanderer !

Puck. I, there it is ! [*holds it out.*]

Ob. I pray thee, giue it mee ! [*takes it.*]
I know a banke, where the wilde time blowes,
Where Oxlips, and the nodding Violet growes, 250
Quite ouercanopi'd, with lushiōus woodbíne,
With sweete muske roses, and with Eglantine : 252
There sleepes *Tytania*, fometime of the night,
Luld in these flowers, with daunces and delight ; 254
And there the snake, throwes her enammeld skinne,
Weed, wide enough, to wrappe a Fairy in. 256
And, with the iuyce of this, Ile streate her eyes,
And make her full of hatefull phantasies. 258
Take thou some of it, and seeke through this groune !
A sweete *Athenian* Lady, is in loue 260
With a disdainefull youth : annoint his eyes ;
But doe it, when the next thing he espies, 262
May be the Ladie. Thou shalt know the man
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on. 264
Effect it with some care, that he may prooue
More fond on her, then she vpon her loue : 266
And looke thou meete me ere the first Cocke crowe !

Pu. Feare not, my Lord ! your seruant shall do so. [*Exeunt.*]

238. *the fielde*] Q. and fielde Q2, F. | 251. ? An Alexandrine, or *Quite*

*244. *Exit Helena.*] Exit. Q2, F. | *ouer / canopi'd / 2 measures or feet.*

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Actus Secundus. Scena Secunda.

Another part of the Woode.

Enter TYTANIA, Queene of Fairies, with her traine.

Quee. Come, now a Roundell, and a Fairy song !
 Then, for the third part of a minute, hence !
 Some to kill cankers in the musk rose buds ;
 Some warre with Reremise, for their lethren wings,
 To make my small Elues coates ; and some keepe backe
 The clamorous Owle, that nightly hootes and wonders
 At our queint spirits ! Sing me now a-sleepe !*
 Then to your offices, and let mee rest !

1

4

8

Fairies sing.

You spotted Snakes, with double tongue, 9

Thorny Hedgehogges, be not seene !

Newts and blindevormes, do no wrong !

Come not neere our Fairy Queene !

Philomele, with melody,

Sing in our sweete Lullaby,

Lulla, lulla, lullaby ! lulla, lulla, lullaby !

12

16

19

Neuer harme,

Nor spell, nor charme,

Come our louely lady nigh !

So, good night, with lullaby !

20

1. Fai. *Weauing Spiders, come not heere !*

Hence, you long legd Spinners, hence !

Beetles blacke, approach not neere !

Worme nor snaile, doe no offence !

All. *Philomele, with melody, &c.* [TITANIA sleepes.†

2. Fai. Hence, away ! now all is well :

One aloofe, stnd Centinell ! [Exeunt Fairies.

23

25

*7. *a-sleepe*] Q2, F. *a sleepe* Q. | *sleepes.* F (after line 26).
 20. 1. *Fai.*] 2 *Fairy Q.* | 25. 2. *Fai.*] Q. 1 *Fairy F.*
 †24. *Titania sleepes.*] Shee |

A Midsommer Nightes Dreame.

*Enter Oberon. He squeezes juice from the Pansy on
TITANIA'S clos'd eyelids.*

<i>Ob.</i> What thou feest when thou doest wake,	27
Doe it for thy true loue take!	28
Loue and languish for his sake !	29
Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Beare,	30
Pard, or Boare with bristled haire,	31
In thy eye that shall appeare	
When thou wak'ft, it is thy deare !	
Wake, when forme vile thing is neere !	[Exit. 34]

Enter LYSANDER, and HERMIA.

<i>Lys.</i> Faire loue! you fainte with wandring in the wood;	
And to speake troth, I haue forgot our way!	
Weele rest vs, <i>Hermia</i> , if you thinke it good,	
And tarry for the comfort* of the day.	38
<i>Her.</i> Be † it so, <i>Lysander</i> ! finde you out a bedde!	
For I, vpon this banke will rest my head. [Lyes downe.	
<i>Lys.</i> One turfe shall serue as pillow for vs both;	
One heart, one bedde, two bosomes, and one troth!	42
<i>Her.</i> Nay, good † <i>Lysander</i> ! for my sake, my deere,	
Ly further off yet! doe not lye so neere!	44
<i>Lys.</i> O, take the sensē, Sweete, of my innocence!	
Loue takes the meaning in loues conference.	46
I meane, that my heart vnto yours is § knit,	
So that but 'one heart' wee can make of it;	48
'Two bosomes' interchainēd with an oath;	
So then, 'two bosomes,' and a fingle 'troth.'	50
Then, by your fide, no bed-roome me deny;	
For, 'lying' so, <i>Hermia</i> , I doe not 'lye'!	
<i>Her.</i> <i>Lysander</i> riddles very prettily!	53
Now, much beshwrewe my manners and my pride,	
If <i>Hermia</i> meant to say, <i>Lysander</i> 'lyed'!	55
But, gentle friend, for loue and curteisie,	
Ly further off! In humane modesty,	57
Such separation, as may well be said	

*38. *comfort*] Q2, F. *comfor* Q. | 43. *good*] Q2, F. *god* Q.

†39. *Be]* Q2, F. Bet Q. | § 47. *is]* Q2, F. it Q.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Becomes a vertuous batcheler and a maide: [*points away.*] 59
So farre, be distant! and, good night, sweete friend!

Thy loue nere alter till thy sweete life end! 61

Lys. ‘Amen! amen!’ to that faire prayer, say I; 63

And then end life, when I end loyalty!

Heere is my bed: sleepe give thee all his rest!

[*Lyes downe apart.*

Her. With halfe that wish, the wishers eyes be prest! 65

[*They sleepe.**

Enter PUCKE.

Puck. Through the forrest haue I gone; 67

But *Athenian* found I none, 67

On whose eyes I might approue

This flowers force in stirring loue. [Sees LYSANDER.] 69

Night and silence! Who is heere?

Weedes of *Athens* he doth weare! 71

This is hee (my master saide)

Despised the *Athenian* maide! [Sees HERMIA.] 73

And here the maiden, sleeping found,

On the danke and dirty ground! 75

Pretty fowle! the durft not lye

Neere this lack-loue, this kil-curtefie! 77

¶ Churle! vpon thy eyes I throwe [Squeezes juice on Lys.'s eyelids.]

All the power this charme doth owe! 79

When thou wak'ft, let loue forbidd

Sleepe, his seat on thy eye lidde! 81

So awake, when I am gon;

For I must now to Oberon! [Exit.] 83

Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill mee, sweete Demetrius!

De. I charge thee, Hence! and doe not haunt mee thus!

Hele. O, wilt thou (darkling) leaue mee? doe not so!

De. Stay, on thy perill! I alone will goe! [Exit.†] 87

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!

The more my prayer, the leſſer is my grace! 89

Happie is Hermia, wherefoere she lies;

*65. *They sleepe.*] F.

+87. *Exit.*] Exit Demetrius. F.

A Midsommer Nightes Dreame.

For she hath bleffëd and attractiue eyes!	91
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt teares!	
If so, my eyes are oftner waft then hers.	93
No, no! I am as vgly as a Beare;	
For beastes that meeet mee, runne away for feare!	95
Therefore, no maruaile though <i>Demetrius</i>	
Doe, as a monster, fly my presence thus!	97
What wicked and dissembling glasse of mine,	
Made me compare with <i>Hermias</i> sphery eyen? [sees <i>Lys.</i> 99]	
But who is here? <i>Lysander?</i> on the ground?	
Dead? or a-sleepe? I see no blood, no wound!	101
¶ <i>Lysander!</i> if you live, good sir, awake! [shakes him.]	
<i>Lys.</i> [Waking] And runne through fire I will, for thy sweete sake!	103
Transparent <i>Helena!</i> Nature shewes Arte,	
That through thy bosome makes me see thy heart!	105
Where is <i>Demetrius</i> ? Oh, how fit a word	
Is that vile name, to perish on my fworde!	107
<i>Hel.</i> Do not say so, <i>Lysander!</i> say not so!	
What though he loue your <i>Hermia</i> ? Lord, what though?	109
Yet <i>Hermia</i> still loues you: then be content!	
<i>Lys.</i> 'Content' with 'Hermia'? No! I doe repent	
The tedious minutes I with her haue spent!	112
Not 'Hermia,' but <i>Helena</i> , I loue!	
Who will not change a Rauen for a doue?	114
The will of man, is by his reasoun swai'd;	
And 'reasoun' faies you are the worthier maide.	116
Things growing, are not ripe vntill their seafon:	
So I, being young, till now ripe not to 'reasoun';	118
And touching now the point of humane skill,	
'Reasoun' becomes the Marshall to my will,	120
And leads mee to your eyes; where I oreooke	
Loues storfies, written in Loues richeſt booke!	122
<i>Hel.</i> Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne?	
When, at your hands, did I deserue this scorne?	124
Iſt not enough, iſt not enough, young man,	
That I did neuer, no, nor neuer can,	126
Deserue a sweete looke from <i>Demetrius</i> eye,	
But you must flout my infiſciency?	128
Good troth, you doe mee wrong, (good foorth, you doe!)	
II. ii. 91-129.]	22

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

In such disdainfull manner mee to wooe !	130
But fare you well ! perforce, I must confesse,	
I thought you Lord of more true gentlenesse.	132
O, that a Ladie, of one man resul'd,	
Should of another, therefore be abus'd !	[Exit. 134]
<i>Lys.</i> She fees not <i>Hermia</i> ! ¶ <i>Hermia</i> , sleepe thou there ;	
And neuer maist thou come <i>Lysander</i> neere !	136
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things,	
The deepest loathing, to the stomacke bringes :	138
Or, as the herefies that men doe leave,	
Are hated most of those they did deceiue,	140
So thou, my surfeit and my herefie,	
Of all bee hated ! but the most, of mee !	142
And, all my powers, addresse your loue and might,	
To honour <i>Helen</i> , and to be her knight !	[Exit. 144]
<i>Her.</i> [Waking] Help mee, <i>Lysander</i> ! help mee ! do thy best	
To pluck this crawling serpent from my brest !	146
Ay mee, for pittie ! What a dreame was here !	
<i>Lysander</i> ! looke how I doe quake with feare !	148
Me thought a serpent eate my heart away,	
And you fate smilling at his cruell pray !	150
<i>Lysander</i> ! what ! remou'd ? <i>Lysander</i> ! Lord !	
What ! out of hearing gon ? No found ? no word ?	152
Alacke ! where are you ? Speake, and if you heare !	
Speake, of all loues ! I fwoone almost with feare !	154
No ? then I well perceiue you are not ny :	
Either death, or you, Ile finde immedietly !	[Exit. 156]

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.*

The Wood neere Athens. TITANIA asleepe. April 30.

*Enter the Clownes, BOTTOM, QUINCE, SNOUT, STARVELING,
SNUGGE, and FLUTE.*

Bott. Are wee all met?

Quin. Pat, pat! and here's a maruailes conuenient place,
for our rehearfall! This greene plot shall be our stafe, this
hauthorne-brake our tyring houfe [*points to them*]; and wee
will doe it in action, as wee will doe it before the Duke!

Bott. Peeter Quince?

Quin. What saiest thou, bully *Bottom*?

Bot. There are things in this comedy, of *Pyramus* and
Thyby, that will never please. First, *Pyramus* must draw a
sworde, to kill himselfe; which the Ladies cannot abide!
How answere you that?

Snout. Berlakin! a parlous feare!

Star. I beleue we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bott. Not a whit! I haue a deuise to make all well! Write
me a Prologue; and let the Prologue seeme to say, 'we wil
do no harme with our swords, and that *Pyramus* is not kild
indeede': and for the more better assurance, tel them that 'I,
Pyramus, am not *Pyramus*, but *Bottom* the weauer'! this will
put them out of feare.

Quin. Well! wee will haue such a Prologue; and it shall
be written in eight and fix.

Bot. No: make it two more! let it be written in eight &
eight!

Snout. Will not the ladies be afraide of the Lyon?

Star. I feare it, I promise you!

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with your selues,† to
bring in (God shielde vs!) a Lyon among Ladies, is a most
dreadfull thing! For there is not a more fearefull wilde foule
then your Lyon, liuing; & we ought to looke toote!

* *Actus Tertius*] F. | Cp. 'maruailes hairy,' IV. i. 24,
2. maruailes] Q: its way of | p. 44. | †26. selues] F. selfe Q1, 2.
spelling the maruailos of Q2, F. |

A Midsommer Nightes Dreame.

Sno. Therfore, another Prologue must tel he is ‘not a Lion!’

Bot. Nay! you must name his name; and halfe his face
must be feene through the Lions necke; and he himselfe
must speake through, saying thus, or to the same defect;
‘Ladies!’ or ‘faire Ladies!’ ‘I would wish you,’ or ‘I would
request you,’ or ‘I wold intreat you, not to feare, not to
tremble: my life for yours! If you thinke I come hither as
a Lyon, it were pittie of my life! No! I am no such thing!
I am a man, as other men are!’ & there, indeed, let him name
his name, and tell them plainly he is ‘*Snugge the Ioyner!*’ 40

Quin. Well: it shall be so! But there is two hard things:
that is, to bring the Moone-light into a chamber: for you
know, *Pyramus* and *Thiſby* meeete by Moone-light. 43

Snugge. Doth the Moone shine* that night we play our
Play?

Bo. A Calender, a Calender! looke in the Almanack!
finde out Moone-shine, finde out Moone-shine! [night!]

Quin. [producing an Almanack] Yes! it doth shine that

Bot.† Why, then may you leaue a casement of the great
chamber window (where we play) open; and the Moone may
shine in at the casement. 51

Quin. I! or els, one must come in with a bush of thorns &
a lantern, and say ‘he comes to disfigure, or to present, the
perfon of Moone-shine.’ Then, there is another thing: we
must haue a wal in the great chamber; for *Pyramus* & *Thiſby*
(saies the story) did talke through the chinke of a wall. 56

Snout. You can neuer bring in a wal! What say you, *Bottom*?

Bot. Some man or other must prefent ‘wall:’ and let him
haue some plaftter, or foni lome, or some rough-caft, about him;
to signifie ‘wall:’ and let him holde his fingers thus [\leftarrow];
and through that crany, shall *Pyramus* and *Thiſby* whisper. 61

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, fit downe
every mothers sonne, and reherfe your parts! [They sit downe.]
¶ *Pyramus*, you beginne! when you haue spoken your speech,
enter into that Brake¹! and so euery one according to his cue.

44. *Snugge*] Sn. Q1, 2, F.
Snug F2. (*Snout* Cam., not letting
Snugge speak in this scene.)

*44. *shine*] Q2, F. *shine* Q.

449. *Bot.*] Q2, F. Cet. Q.

60. *and*] Delius (Collier). or

Q1, 2, F.

¹ See line 4, abuv, p. 24.

[III. i. 30-65.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Enter ROBIN (PUCKE), behind.

Ro. What hempen homespunnes haue we swaggring here,
So neere the Cradle of the Fairy Queene?
What! a play toward! Ile be an Auditor;
An Actor too,* perhaps, if I see cause. 69

Quin. Speake, Pyramus! ¶ Thyby, stand forth!

[They advance.

Pyra. Thisby, the flowers of odious sauours sweete, . . .
(Quin. Odours! odours! †)

Py. Odours sauours sweete:

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby deare! 73
But harke! a voice! stay thou but heere a while,
And by and by I will to thee appeare.

[Exit 'into that Brake'.

(Puck.‡ A stranger Pyramus then ere played heere!)

[Follows BOT.

Thys. [FLUTE.] Must I speake now? 77

Quin. I, marry, must you! For you must vnderstand, he
goes but to see a noyse that he heard, and is to come againe.

Thys. Most radiant Pyramus! most lillie white of hewe!

(Of colour like the red rose on triumphant bryer;) 81
Most brisky Iuuenall, and eeke most louely Iewe!
As true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre,

Ile meete thee, Pyramus, at Ninnies tounbe! 84

Quin. 'Ninus tounbe,' man! Why! you must not speake
that yet! That, you answere to Pyramus! You speake al
your part at once, cues and all! ¶ Pyramus, enter! your cue
is pafft: It is; 'neuer tire.' 88

Thys. O! 'As true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre!'

Re-enter PYRAMUS (BOTTOOME) with the Asse head.§ ROBIN
follows, stamping (see III. ii. 25).

Py. If I were faire, Thysby, I were onely thine! . . .

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! We are haunted! Pray,
masters, fly! || masters, helpe! 92

[The Clownes all exount, save BOTTOM.

*69. too] Q2, F. to Q.

§89. Enter . . . Asse head.] F

†72. odours] F. odorous Q1, 2. | (after l. 98).

‡76. Puck] F. Quin. Q1, 2. || 92. fly] flye Q2, F. sly Q.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Rob. Ile follow you ! Ile leade you about a Round,
Through bogge, through bush, through brake, through bryer !
Sometime a horfe Ile be, sometime a hound,
A hogge, a headelesse Beare, sometime a fier, 96
And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne,
Like horse, hound, hogge, beare, fire, at euery turne ! [Exit.
Bott. Why doe they runne away ? This is a knauery of
them, to make mee afeard. 100

Re-enter SNOWTE.

Sn. O *Bottom*, thou art chaung'd ! What do I see on thee ?
Bot. What doe you see ? You see an Asse-head of your
owne, Do you ? [Exit SNOWTE.

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quin. Bleffe thee, *Bottom* ! bleffe thee ! Thou art translated ! [Exit.

Bot. I see their knauery ! This is to make an asse of mee ;
to fright me, if they could. But I wil not stirre from this
place, do what they can ! I will walke vp and downe heere,
and I will sing, that they shall heare I am not afraide : 108

[Sings] *The Woosell cock, so blacke of hewe,*

With Orange tawny bill,

The Throfle, with his note so true,

The Wren, with little quill, . . . 112

(*Tytania.* [wakes] What Angell wakes me from my flowry
bed ?)

Bot. [sings] *The Fynch, the Sparrowe, and the Larke,*

The plainfong Cuckow gray,

(Whose note, full many a man doth marke,

And dares not answere, 'nay !') 117

For indeede, who would set his wit to so foolish a birde ? Who
would give a bird the ly, though hee cry 'Cuckow,' neuer so ?

Tita. [rises] I pray thee, gentle mortall, sing againe !

Myne eare is much enamoured of thy note ; 121

So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape ;

And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth mooue mee,

On the first viewe, to say, to sweare, 'I loue thee !' 124

Bott. Meethinks, mistresse, you should haue little reason
for that ! And yet, to say the truth, reason and loue keepe
little company together, now a daies ! The more the pitty,

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

that some honest neighbours will not make them friends !
Nay, I can gleeke, vpon occasion. 129

Tyta. Thou art as wise as thou art beautifull !

Bott. Not so, neither : but if I had wit enough to get out
of this wood, I haue enough to serue mine owne* turne.

Tyta. Out of this wood, doe not desire to goe !
Thou shalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no ! 134
I am a spirit, of no common rate,
(The Sommer, still, doth tend vpon my state;) 136
And I doe loue thee ! therefore, goe with mee !
Ile giue thee Fairies to attend on thee ; 138
And they shall fetch thee Jewels from the deepe,
And sing, while thou on preffed flowers doſt sleepe : 140
And I will purge thy mortall grossenesse fo,
That thou shalt, like an ayery spirit, goe. 142
¶ *Pease-blōſſome ! Cobweb ! Moth ! and Mustard-seede !*

Enter these foure Fairyes.

1. Fairie. Readie !

2. Fairie. And I !

3. Fairie. And I !

4. Fairie. And I !

All 4. Where shall we goe ?

Tita. Be kinde and curteous to this gentleman ; [points to **B.**
Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eyes ; 146
Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,
With purple Grapes, greene figges, and Mulberries ;
The hony bagges, steale from the Humble-Bees ; 149
And, for night tapers, croppe their waxen thighes,
And light them at the fiery Glowe-wormes eyes,
To haue my loue to bedde, and to arise ;
And pluck the wings from painted Butterflies, 153
To fanne the Moone-beames from his sleeping eyes !
Nod to him, Elues, and doe him curtesies ! [They do so. 155

i. Fai. Haile, mortall !

*132. *owne*] Q2, F. owe Q.

144. *i. Fairie . . . All*] Capell.
'Fairies. Readie : and I, and I, and I.' Q. F.

146-155 : the only instance of 10 | consecutive identical rhymes in Shak-

spere. See 8 in *y*, below, p. 32 ; and 8 in *-e*, p. 46 ; and 7 in *-ing*,

Lucrece, 428-434.

156-159. *i. Fairie . . . 4. Fairie.*

III. i. 128-156.]

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

2. *Fai.*

Haile !

3. *Fai.*

Haile !

4. *Fairie.*

Haile ! 156

Bot. I cry your worships mercy, hartily ! I beseech your worshippes name !

Cob. Cobwebbe !

159

Bot. I shall desir you of more acquaintance, good master Cobweb ! if I cut my finger, I shall make bolde with you.

¶ Your name, honest gentleman ?

Pea. Pease-blossome !

163

Bot. I pray you command mee to mistresse *Squash*, your mother, and to master *Peascod*, your father. Good master *Pease-blossome*, I shall desir you of more acquaintance, too.

¶ Your name, I beseech you, sir !

Must. Mustardseede !

168

Bot. Good master *Mustardseede*, I know your patience well. That fame cowardly gyantlike Ox-beefe hath deuourd many a gentleman of your houfe. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water, ere now. I desir your* more acquaintance, good master *Mustardseede*. 173

Tita. Come, waite vpon him ! leade him to my bower ! 174

The Moone, me thinkes, lookes with a watry eye ; And when shee weepes, weepes every little flower, 176
Lamenting some enforcēd chaftie !

Ty vp my louers-tongue ! bring him silently ! 178

[*Exeunt*, Fairies leading BOTTOM.]

Actus Tertius. Scena Secunda.

Another part of the Wood. April 30.

Enter OBERON, King of Fairies; and soon after, ROBIN GOODFELLOW (PUCK).

Ob. I wonder if *Titania* be awak't !

Then, what it was, that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on, in extreamitie !

3

<i>Haile</i> [1] Capell. 1. <i>Fai.</i> <i>Haile mor-</i>	<i>best Bottom's leaving out <i>Moth-</i></i>
<i>tall, haile.</i> 2. <i>Fai.</i> <i>Haile.</i> 3. <i>Fai.</i>	<i>afterwards here, as he does in IV.i.)</i>
<i>Haile.</i> Q1, 2, F. (Capell's change	166. <i>too</i>] to Q1, 2, F.
suits best Titania's 'Elues,' 1. 155.	*172. <i>your</i>] you Q.
The 3 Fairies only, of Q, F, suits	178. <i>Exeunt.</i>] Exit. Q1, 2, F.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Enter PUCKE.

Here comes my messenger ! ¶ How now, mad spirit ?	4
What night-rule now, about this haunted groue ?	
<i>Puck.</i> My mistresse, with a monster is in loue !	6
Neere to her close and consecrated bower,	
While she was in her dull and sleeping hower,	8
A crew of patches, rude Mechanicals,	
That worke for bread, vpon <i>Athenian</i> stalles,	10
Were met together, to rehearſe a play	
Intended for great <i>Theſeus</i> nuptiall day.	12
The shallowest thickskinne of that barraine fort,	
(Who <i>Pyramus</i> preſented in their ſport,)	14
Forſooke his Scene, and entred in a brake.	
VVhen I did him at this aduantage take,	16
An Affes nole I fixēd on his head.	
Anon his <i>Thibie</i> muſt be anſwerēd ;	18
And forth my Minnick comes ! When they him ſpy,—	
As wilde geefe, that the creeping Fouler eye,	20
Or ruffet-pated choughes, many in fort	
(Ryſing, and cawing, at the gunnes report)	22
Seuer themſelues, and madly ſweepe the ſky,	
So, at his fight,—away his fellowes fly !	24
And, at our ſtampe, here, ore and ore, one falles ;	
He 'murther' cryes, and 'helpe' from <i>Athens</i> cals.	26
Their ſenſe thus weake, loſt with their feares thus ſtrong,	
Made ſenſeleafleſſe things begin to doe them wrong ;	28
For, briers and thornes, at their apparell ſnatch :	
Some, ſleeues ; ſome, hats ; from yeelders all things catch.	30
I led them on in this diſtracted feare,	
And left ſweete <i>Pyramus</i> tranſlated there :	32
When in that moment (ſo it came to paſſe,)	
<i>Tytania</i> wak't, and ſtraight-way lou'd an Affe !	34
<i>Ob.</i> This falles out better then I could deuife !	
But haſt thou yet latcht the <i>Athenian</i> eyes,	36
With the lone iuice, as I did bid thee doe ?	
<i>Rob.</i> I tooke him ſleeping, (that is finiſht too !*)	38
And the <i>Athenian</i> woman by his fide ;	
That, when he wak't, of force ſhe muſt be ey'd.	40

19. *Minnick*] Q1. Minnock Q2. Mimmick F. *38. *too*] to Qq, F.
III. ii. 4-40.] 30

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA.

<i>Ob.</i> Stand close ! this is the same <i>Athenian</i> .	
<i>Rob.</i> This is the woman ; but not this the man !	42
<i>Demet.</i> O, Why rebuke you him that loues you so ?	
Lay breath so bitter, on your bitter foe !	44
<i>Her.</i> Now I but chide : but I shold vfe thee worse, For thou (I feare,) haft giuen me cause to curse !	46
If thou haft slaine <i>Lysander</i> in his sleepe, Being ore shooes in blood, plunge in the deepe, & kill mee too !*	48
The Sunne was not so true vnto the day, As hee to mee ! Would hee haue stollen away From† sleeping <i>Hermia</i> ? Ile beleuee as foone, This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the Moone	51
May through the Center creepe, and so displease Her brothers noonetide with th' <i>Antipodes</i> .	53
It cannot be but thou haft murdred him !	55
So, shold a murtherer looke ! so dead, so grimme !	57
<i>Dem.</i> 'So shold' the murthered 'looke,' and 'so shold' I, Pearst through the heart with your fterne cruelty !	59
Yet you, the 'murtherer,' looke as bright, as cleere, As yonder <i>Venus</i> , in her glimmering spheare. [points to V.	
<i>Her.</i> What's this to my <i>Lysander</i> ? Where is hee ?	
Ah, good <i>Demetrius</i> ! wilt thou giue him mee ?	63
<i>Deme.</i> I had rather giue his carcasse to my hounds !	
<i>Her.</i> Out, dog ! out, curre ! thou driu'ſt me past the bounds Of maidens patience ! Haſt thou slaine him, then ?	
Henceforth be neuer numbred among men !	67
O, once tell true ! tell true, euen for my fake !	
Durſt thou haue lookt vpon him, being awake,	69
And haſt thou kild him ſleeping ? O braue tutch !	
Could not a worme, an Adder, do ſo much ?	71
An Adder did it ! For with doublē tongue	
Then thyne, (thou ſerpent !) neuer Adder ftung !	73
<i>Deme.</i> You ſpende your paſſion on a misprif'd mood :	
I am not guilty of <i>Lysander's</i> bloode ;	75
Nor is he deade, for ought that I can tell.	
<i>Her.</i> I pray thee, tell mee, then, that he is well.	77

*49. *too*] F. to Q1, 2.

+52. *From*] Q2, F. Frow Q.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

<i>De.</i> And if I could, what should I get therefore ?	
<i>Her.</i> A priuiledge, neuer to see mee more :	79
And from thy hated prefence part I !	
See me no more, whether he be dead or no !	<i>[Exit.]</i>
<i>Deme.</i> There is no following her in this fierce vaine :	
Heere therefore, for a while, I will remaine.	83
So sorrowes heauiness doth heauier growe,	
For debt, that bankrout sleepe doth forrow owe :	85
Which now (in some flight measure) it will pay ;	
If (for his tender) here I make some stay.	87
	<i>[Lyes doun & sleepes.]</i>
<i>Ob.</i> [to Rob.] What hast thou done ? Thou hast mistaken quite,	
And laid the loue-iuice on some true loues fight !	89
Of thy misprision, must perforce ensue	
Some true loue turnd, and not a false turnd true !	91
<i>Robi.</i> Then fate orerules, that, one man holding troth,	
A million faile, confounding oath on oath!	93
<i>Ob.</i> About the wood, goe swifter then the windre !	
And <i>Helena</i> of <i>Athens</i> , looke thou finde !	95
All fancy-sickle she is, and pale of cheere,	
With fighes of loue, that costs the fresh blood deare.	97
By some illusion, see thou bring her here !	
Ile charme his eyes, against she doe appeare.	99
<i>Robin.</i> I goe, I goe ! looke how I goe !	
Swifter then arrow, from the <i>Tartars</i> bowe !	<i>[Exit.]</i> 101
<i>Ob.</i> Flower of this purple dy,	102
Hit with <i>Cupids</i> archery,	
Sinke in apple of his eye ! [Drops iuice into DEMETRIUS eyes.	
When his loue he doth espy,	105
Let her shine as gloriously	
As the <i>Venus</i> of the sky !	107
When thou wak'ft, if she be by,	
Begge of her, for remedy !	109

Re-enter PUCK.

Puck. Captaine of our Fairy band,

80. <i>I</i>] Q, F. I so, Pope.	87. <i>Lyes doun & sleepes]</i> Collier.
85. <i>sleepe]</i> Rowe. sluppe Q.	Ly doun Q.
slippe Q, F.	
III. ii. 78-110.]	32

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

<i>Helena</i> is heere at hande ;	111
And the youth, mistooke by mee,	
Pleading for a louers fee.	
Shall wee their fond pageant see ?	
Lord ! what fooles these mortals bee !	115
<i>Ob.</i> Stand aside ! The noyse they make,	
Will cause <i>Demetrius</i> to awake.	117
<i>Pu.</i> Then will two, at once wooe one !	
That muft needes be fport alone ;	119
And thofe things do beft please mee,	
That befall prepot'roufly.	121

Enter LYSANDER, and HELENA.

<i>Lys.</i> Why ſhould you think, that I ſhould wooe in ſcorne ?	
Scorne and deriſion, neuer come in teares.	
<i>Looke, when I vow, I weepe ; and vowed ſo borne,</i>	
In their natiuitie all truth appears.	125
How can theſe things in mee, ſeeme ſcorne to you,	
Bearing the badge of faith, to prooue them true ?	127
<i>Hel.</i> You doe aduaunce your cunning, more and more.	128
When truthe killēs truth, ô diueliſh-holy fray !	
Thefe vowedes are <i>Hermias</i> . Will you giue her ore ?	
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing waigh.	131
Your vowedes to her and mee, (put in two ſcales,)	
Will euen weigh, and both as light as tales.	133
<i>Lys.</i> I had no iudgement, when to her I fwore.	
<i>Hel.</i> Nor none, in my minde, now you giue her ore.	135
<i>Lys.</i> <i>Demetrius</i> loues her ; and he loues not you.	
<i>Deme.</i> [Waking] O <i>Helen</i> ! goddeſſe, nymph, perfect, diuine !	
To what, my loue, ſhall I compare thine eyne ?	138
Christall is muddy ! O, how ripe in ſhowe,	
Thy lippes, thoſe kissing cherries, tempting growe !	140
That pure coniealed white, high <i>Taurus</i> ſnow,	
Fand with the Eaſterne winde, turns to a crowe,	142
When thou holdſt vp thy hand ! O ! let me kiffe	
[tries to kiffe her hand.]	
This Princeſſe of pure white, this ſeale of bliſſe !	144
<i>Hel.</i> O ffight ! O hell ! I fee, you all are bent	
To fet againſt mee, for your merriment !	146
If you were ciuill, and knew curteſie,	

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

You would not doe mee thus much iniury.	148
Can you not hate mee, as I know you doe,	
But you must ioyne in soules, to mocke mee too ?	150
If you were men, as men you are in shewe,	
You would not vse a gentle Lady so ;	152
To vowe, and sweare, and superpraise my parts,	
When I am sure you hate mee with your hearts.	154
You both are Riuals, and loue <i>Hermia</i> ;	
And now both Riualles, to mock <i>Helena</i> .	156
A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,	
To cōniure teares vp, in a poore maides eyes,	158
With your derision ! None of noble fort	
Would so offend a virgine, and extort	
A poore soules patience, all to make you sport !	161
<i>Lysand.</i> You are vnkinde, <i>Demetrius</i> ! be not so !	
For you loue <i>Hermia</i> ; this, you know, I know ;	163
And heare, ¹ with all good will, with all my heart,	
In <i>Hermias</i> loue I yelde you vp my part :	165
And yours of <i>Helena</i> , to mee bequeath,	
Whom I doe loue, and will do till my death !	
<i>Hel.</i> Neuer did mockers waste more idle breath !	168
<i>Deme.</i> <i>Lysander</i> , keepe thy <i>Hermia</i> ! I will none !	
If ere I lou'd her, all that loue is gone !	170
My heart to her, but as guestwise soiournd ;	
And now to <i>Helena</i> , is it home returnd,	172
There to remaine.	
<i>Lys.</i> <i>Helen</i> , it is not so !	
<i>Deme.</i> Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,	174
Leaft, to thy perill, thou aby it deare ! [points to HERM.	
Looke where thy loue comes ! yonder is thy deare !	176
<i>Re-enter HERMIA.</i>	
<i>Her.</i> Darke night, that from the eye his function takes,	
The eare more quicke of apprehension makes ;	178
Wherein it doth impaire the seeing sence,	
It payes the hearing, double recompence.	180
¶ Thou art not, by myne eye, <i>Lysander</i> , found :	
Mine eare, (I thanke it,) brought me to thy found !	182

¹ *heare* = here.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

But why, vnkindly, didst thou leaue mee so ?
Lys. Why should he stay, whom loue doth preffe to go ?
Her. What 'loue' could 'preffe' *Lysander* from my fide ?
Lys. *Lysanders* 'loue,' (that would not let him bide,) 186
Faire *Helena* ! who more engilds the night
Then all yon fiery oes and eyes of light. [points to stars.
Why seek'ft thou me ? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee, made mee leaue thee so ? 190
Her. You speake not as you thinke : It cannot bee ! 191
Hel. Lo ! she is one of this confederacy !
Now I perceiue, they haue conioynd all three,
To fashion this false sport, in spight of mee. 194
¶ Iniuirous *Hermia* ! most vngratefull maide !
Haue you conspir'd, haue you with these contriud',
To baite mee with this foule derisïon ?
Is all the counsell that we two haue shar'd, 198
(The sisters vowes, the howers that we haue spent,
When we haue chid the hastie-footed time
For parting vs;) O, is all forgot ?
All schooldaies friendshipe, childhood innocence ? 202
VVee, *Hermia*, like two artificiall gods,
Haue, with our needles, created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, fitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key, 206
As if our hands, our fides, voyces and mindes,
Had bin incorporate. So wee grewe together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an vnion in partitïon : 210
Two louely berries moulded on one stemme :
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crownëd with one creaft. 214
And will you rent our auncient loue asunder,
To ioyne with men in scorning your poore friend ?
It is not friendly, tis not maideleny !
Our fex, as well as I, may chide you for it, 218
Though I alone doe fele the iniury !
Her. I am amazëd at your words !

213. *like*] Theobald (Folkes conj.). life Q1, 2, F.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

I scorne you not ! It feemes that you scorne mee !

222

Hel. Haue you not set *Lysander*, as in scorne,

To follow mee, and praiſe my eyes and face ?

And made your other loue, *Demetrius*,

(Who euen but now did ſpurne mee with his foote,) 226

To call mee ‘ goddeſſe, nymph, diuine, and rare,

Pretious, celeſtiall ’ ? VVherefore ſpeakes he this

To her he hates ? And wherfore doth *Lysander*

Deny your loue, (ſo rich within his ſoule,) 230

And tender mee (forſooth !) affeſtōn,

But by your ſetting on, by your conſent ?

VVhat though I be not ſo in grace as you,

So hung vpon with loue, ſo fortunate,

(But miſerable moſt, to loue vnlou’d) 234

This you ſhould pittie, rather then diſpife !

Her. I vnderſtand not what you meane by this !

Hel. I ! doe ! Perſeuer ! counterfaſt fad lookeſ !

Make mouthes vpon mee, when I turne my back ! 238

Winke each at other ! holde the ſweete ieaſt vp !

This ſport, well carried, shall bee chronicled !

If you haue any pitty, grace, or manners,

You would not make mee ſuſh an argument. 242

But fare ye well ! tis partly my owne fault ;

Which death, or abſence ſoone ſhall remedy ! [Walks away.

Lys. Stay, gentle *Helena* ! heare my excufe,

My loue ! my life ! my ſoule ! faire *Helena* ! 246

Hel. O excellent !

Herm. Sweete ! doe not ſcorne her ſo !

Dem. If ſhe cannot entreat, I can compell.

Lys. Thou canſt ‘ compell ’ no more, then ſhe ‘ intreat.’

Thy threats haue no more strength then her weake praierſ.

¶ *Helen* ! I loue thee ! by my life I doe !

I feare by that which I will loſe for thee,

To prooue him falſe, that ſaies I loue thee not ! 253

Dem. I ſay, I loue thee more then he can do !

Lys. If thou ſay ſo, withdrawe, and prooue it too !* 255

Dem. Quick, come !

250. *praierſ*] Theobald. praise Q1, 2, F.

*255. *too*] F. to Q1, 2.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Her.

Lysander, whereto tends all this?

[She throws her arms round him.]

Lys. Away ! you *Ethiop* ! [He struggles with her.]

Dem. [To *HERMIA*] No, no ! heele 257

[To *Lys.*] Seeme to breake loose ! take on as you would follow,
But yet come not ! You are a tame man ! go ! 259

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou bur ! Vile thing, let loose !
Or I will shake thee from mee, like a serpent !

Her. Why are you growne so rude ? What change is this,
Sweete loue ?

Lys. Thy 'loue' ! Out, tawny *Tartar*, out ! 263
Out, loathēd medicine ! ô hated potion, hence !

Her. Doe you not ieast ?

Hel. Yes, footh : and so doe you !

Lys. *Demetrius*, I will keepe my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond ; for I perceiue, 267
A weake 'bond' holds you. [Points to *HERM.*] Ile not trust
your word !

Lys. What ? shold I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead ?
Although I hate her, Ile not harme her so ! [Throws *HERM.* off.]

Her. What ? Can you do me greater harme, then hate ?
'Hate' mee ! wherefore ? O me ! what newes, my loue ?
Am not I *Hermia* ? Are not you *Lysander* ?

I am as faire now, as I was ere while. 274
Since night, you lou'd mee ; yet 'since night,' you left mee ;
Why then, 'you left mee' (ô, the gods forbid !)
In earnest, shall I say ?

Lys. I, by my life !
And neuer did desire to fee thee more.
Therefore* be out of hope, of queftion, of doubt ;
Be certaine ! nothing truer ! tis no ieast, 280
That I doe hate thee, and loue *Helena* !

Her. Omee ! ¶[To *HEL.*] You iuggler ! you canker bloffosome !
You theefe of loue ! what ? haue you come by night,
And stolne my loues heart from him ?

Hel. Fine, I faith ! 284

257. *Dem.* would have said to *Hermia*, 'No, no : heele not fight ! He loves his own skin too well !' or something of the kind.—Sped-

ding (who is followd abuv). F reads

'No, no, Sir, seeme,' &c.

266. *off*] Q2, F. of Q.

*279. *Therefore*] Q2, F. Thefore Q.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Haue you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulnesse? What? will you teare
Impatient answeres from my gentle tongue?
Fy, fy! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

288

Her. 'Puppet'? Why, so! I, that way goes the game!
Now I perceiue that she hath made compare
Betweene our statures; she hath vrg'd her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,

292

Her 'height,' (forsooth!) she hath preuaild with him.
¶ And are you growne so 'high' in his esteeme,
Becaufe I am so dwarfish and so lowe?

How 'lowe' am I, thou painted May-pole? Speake! 296
How 'lowe' am I? I am not yet so 'lowe,'
But that my nailes can reach vnto thine eyes! [makes at **HEL**.

Hel. I pray you, though you mocke me, gentlemen,*
Let her not hurt me! [Gets behind them.] I was neuer curst;
I haue no gift at all in shrewishnesse;
I am a right maid, for my cowardize:
Let her not strike mee! You, perhaps, may thinke,

304

Because she is something lower then my selfe,

That I can match her! . . .

Her. 'Lower'! harke, againe!

Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be so bitter with me!

I euermore did loue you, *Hermia*,
Did euer keepe your counsels, neuer wrongd you;

308

Sauie that, in loue vnto *Demetrius*,
I tould him of your stealth vnto this wood.
He followed you; for loue, I followed him.

312

But he hath chid me hence, and threatned mee
To strike mee, spurne mee; nay, to kill mee too†:
And now, so you will let me quiet goe,
To *Athens* will I beare my folly backe,

And follow you no further. Let me goe! [Turns to go. 316

You see how simple, and how fond, I am! [Comes back.

Herm. Why! get you gon! Who ist that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart! that I leaue here behind.

Her. What, with *Lyfander*?

Hel. With *Demetrius*! 320

*299. *gentlemen*] Q2, F. gentleman Q.

†313. *too*] F. to Q1, 2.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Lys. Be not afraid ! she shall not harme thee, *Helena* !

Deme. No, sir ; she shall not ! though you take her part !

Hel. O, when she is angry, she is keene and shrewd !

She was a vixen, when she went to schoole : 324

And though she be but little, she is fierce !

Her. ' Little ' againe ! Nothing bnt ' low ' and ' little ' !

¶ Why will you suffer her to floute me thus ?

Let me come to her ! [tries to come]

Lys. [pushing her off] Get you gon, you dwarfe ! 328

You *minimus*, of hindring knot-grasse made !

You bead ! you acorne !

Deme. You are too officious,

In her behalfe, that scornes your seruices.

Let her alone ! speake not of *Helena* !

332

Take not her part ! For, if thou dost intend

Neuer so little shewe of loue to her,

Thou shalt aby it !

Lys. Now she holdes me not !

Now follow, (if thou darft,) to try whose right, 336

Of thine or mine, is most in *Helena* !

Deme. ' Follow ' ? Nay ! Ile go with thee, cheeke by iowle.

[Exeunt LYSANDER & DEMETRIUS.*

Her. You, mistresse ! all this coyle is long of you ! 339

[HEL. draws back] Nay ! goe not backe !

Hel. I will not trust you, I,

Nor longer stay in your curst company !

341

Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray ;

My legges are longer, though, to runne away ! [Runs off.

Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say ! [Exit. 344

Advance, OBERON and PUCKE.†

Ob. This is thy negligence ! still thou mistak'ft,
Or else committif thy knaueries wilfully !

Puck. Beleeue mee, King of Shadowes, I mistooke !

Did not you tell mee, I shoud ' know the man

By the *Athenian* garments he had on ' ?¹ 349

And, so farre blameleffe prooues my enterprise,

That I haue nointed an *Athenians* eyes : 351

*338. Exeunt . . .] Exit . . . F. | +344-5. Advance . . .] Enter . . . F.

344. Exit.] Exeunt. Qq.

¹ II. i. 263-4, p. 18.

39 [III. ii. 321-351.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

And so farre am I glad it so did fort, As this their iangling, I esteeme a sport !	353
<i>Ob.</i> Thou seest, these louers seeke a place to fight : Hy therefore, <i>Robin!</i> ouercast the night !	355
The starry welkin, couer thou anon, With drooping fogge as blacke as <i>Acheron</i> ,	357
And lead these teasty Riuals so astray, As one come not within anothers way.	359
Like to <i>Lysander</i> , sometime frame thy tongue ; Then stirre <i>Demetrius</i> vp with bitter wrong ;	361
And sometime raile thou like <i>Demetrius</i> ; And from each other, looke thou lead them thus ;	363
Till ore their browes, death-counterfaiting sleepe, With leaden legs, and Batty wings, doth creepe :	365
Then crush this hearbe into <i>Lysanders</i> eye ; [gives the hearbe. Whose liquor hath this vertuous property,	367
To take from thence all errour, with his might, And make his eyebals roule with wonted fight.	369
When they next wake, all this derisōn Shall feeme a dreame, and fruitelesse visiōn ;	371
And backe to <i>Athens</i> shall the louers wend, With league, whose date, till death shall never end.	373
Whiles I, in this affaire, do thee employ, Ile to my Queene, and beg her <i>Indian</i> boy :	375
And then I will her charmēd eye release From monsters viewe ; and all things shall be peace !	377
<i>Puck.</i> My Faery Lord, this must be done with haste, For Nights swift Dragons cut the clouds full fast,	379
And yonder shines <i>Auroras</i> harbinger ; [points to the East. At whose approach, Ghosts, wandering here and there,	381
Troope home to Churchyards : damned sp̄its all, (That in croffe-waies and floods haue buriall,)	383
Already to their wormy beds are gone, For feare leaſt day ſhould looke their ſhames vpon :	385
They wilfully themſelues exile from light, And muſt for aye conſort with black-browed night !	387
<i>Ober.</i> But we are ſpirits of another ſort ! I, with the Mornings Loue, haue oft made ſport,	389
And, like a forreſter, the groues may tread, Euen till the Eaſterne gate, all fiery red.	391

A Midsommer Nightes Dreame.

Opening on Neptune with faire bleffèd beames,
Turnes into yellow golde, his salt greene streames. 393
But notwithstanding,* hafte ! make no delay!
We may effect this businesse, yet ere day. [Exit. 395

Pu. Vp & down, vp & down,
I will lead them vp & down !
I am feard in field & town !
Goblin, lead them vp & downe ! 399
Here comes one !

Re-enter LYSANDER. (*ROBIN shifts places.*¹)

Lyf. Where art thou, proud Demetrius ? Speak thou now !

Rob. Here, villaine ! drawne & ready ! Where art thou ?

Lyf. I will be with thee straight !

Rob. Follow me then
To plainer ground ! [Exit Lys.

Re-enter DEMETRIUS.

Deme. *Lysander* ! speake againe ! 404

Thou runaway, thou coward ! art thou fled ?

Speake ! in some bush ? Where doest thou hide thy head ?

Rob. Thou coward ! art thou bragging to the starres,
Telling the bushes that thou look'ft for warres, 408
And wilt not come ? Come, recreant ! come, thou childe !
Ile whippe thee with a rodde ! He is defil'd, 410
That drawes a sword on thee !

De. Yea, art thou there ?

Ro. Follow my voice ! weeble try no manhood here. [Exeunt.

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lyf. He goes before me, and still dares me on :
When I come where he calles, then he is gon ! 414
The villaine is much lighter-heel'd then I !
I followed fast ; but fafter he did fly ; 416
That, fallen am I in darke vneauen way,
And here will rest me. [*Lyest down.*] ¶Come, thou gentle day !
For if but once thou shewe me thy gray light,
Ile finde Demetrius, and reuenge this spight ! [Sleeps. 420

*394. notwithstanding] Q2, F. | ¹ See lines 1, 4, next page.
notwithstanding Q. | ¶418. *Lyes down.*] lye down. F.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Re-enter ROBIN (shifting places),¹ and DEMETRIUS.

Rob. Ho, ho, ho ! Coward ! why comst thou not ?

Deme. Abide me, if thou dar'st ! For well I wot
Thou runst before mee, shifting euery place,
And dar'st not stand, nor looke me in the face.
Where art thou now ?

Rob. Come hither ! I am here !

De. Nay then, thou mockst me ! Thou shalt* buy this dear,
If euer I thy face by day light see !
Now, goe thy way ! (Faintnesse constraineth mee
To measure out my length on this cold bed :)
By daies approach, looke to be vistited ! [Lies down & sleeps.

Re-enter HELENA.

Hele. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy houres ! shine comforts from the East,
That I may backe to *Athens*, by day light,

From these that my poore company detest !
And sleepe, that sometimes fluts vp forrowes eye,
Steale mee a while from mine owne companie !

[Lies down & sleeps.

Rob. Yet but three ? Come one more !
Two of both kindes makes vp fower.
Hearre shee comes, curft and sadde !
Cupid is a knauish ladde,
Thus to make poore females madde !

Re-enter HERMIA.†

Her. Neuer so weary, neuer so in woe,
Bedabbled with the deaw, and torne with briers :
I can no further crawle, no further goe !

My legges can keepe no pase with my desires !
Here will I rest mee, till the breake of day.

Heauens shielde *Lysander*, if they meane a fray !

[Lies down and sleeps.

Re-enter . . .] Robin, and Deme-
trius. Qq. Enter Robin and De- | 'fly,' l. 416.
metrius. F. | *426. *shalt*] Q2, F. *shat* Q.
1 F has 'shifting places' opp. | †441. *Re-enter . . .]* Enter Her-
III. ii. 421-447.] | mia. Q2, F (after line 440).

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

<i>Rob.</i> On the ground,		
Sleepe found!		449
Ile apply		
To your eye,	[Squeezes iulce on Lys.'s eyelids.	
Gentle louer, remedy!		452
When thou wak'ft,		
Thou tak'ft		454
True delight,		
In the fight		456
Of thy former ladies eye :		
And the country prouerbe knowne,		
That 'euyery man shoud take his owne,'		
In your waking shall be showen :		460
'Iacke shall haue Ill :'		
Nought shall goe ill :		
'The man shall haue his mare again,' & 'all shall be well !'	463	
[They sleepe all the next Act, to I. 143.*		

Actus Quartus.† Scena Prima.

The Wood, where LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA, & HERMIA lie asleep. April 30 ; May 1.

Enter Queene of Faieries, and Clowne (BOTTOM), and Faieries (PEASE-BLOSSOME, COBWEB, MUSTARDSEEDE, & the rest) : and the King (OBERON) behinde them, vnseene.

Tita. Come, fit thee downe vpon this flowry bed, I
[She pulls him down.

While I thy amiable cheeke doe coy,
And sticke musk-roses in thy sleeke smooth head,
And kisse thy faire large eares, my gentle ioy ! [kisses em.
Clown. Where's Pease-bloffome ?

Pea. Ready !

Clow. Scratch my heade, Pease-bloffome ! ¶ Wher's Mounfieur Cobweb ? 8

Cob. Ready !

Clo. Mounfieur Cobweb, good Mounfieur, get you your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipt Humble-Bee

451. To your] Rowe. your Q2, | *463. They sleepe all the Act. F.
F. | † Actus Quartus.] F.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

on the toppe of a thistle! and, good Mounfieur, bring mee
the hony bagge! Doe not fret your selfe too much in the
action, Mounfieur! and, good Mounfieur, haue a care the
hony bagge breake not! I wold be loath to haue you ouer-
flowen with a honibag, *signior*. ¶ Where's Mounfieur * Mustardseede?

17

Must. Readie!

Clo. Giue me your neafe, Mounfieur † Mustardseede! [Shakes his hand.] Pray you, leane your curtſie, good Mounfieur!

Must. What's your will? 21

Clo. Nothing, good Mounfieur, but to helpe Caualery Cobwebbe to scratch. I must to the Barbers, Mounfieur; for me thinkes I am maruailes hairy about the face; And I am such a tender Aſſe, if my haire doe but tickle mee, I must scratch! 26

Tita. What, wilt thou heare ſome muſique, my ſweete loue?

Clo. I haue a reaſonable good eare in 'muſique.' Lets haue the tongs and the bones!

[Muſicke of Tongs & Bones, Rurall Muſicke.

Tytia. Or fay, ſweete loue, what thou deſirſt‡ to eate. 30

Clo. Truly, a pecke of prouander! I could mounch your good dry Oates. Methinkes, I haue a great deſire to a bottle of hay! Good hay, ſweete hay, hath no fellow!

Ty. I haue a venturous Fairy, that ſhall ſeeke 34
The Squirils hoord, and fetch thee thence newe nuts.

Clo. I had rather haue a handfull or two of dried peafe! But, I pray you, let none of your people ſtirre me: I haue an expositiōn of ſleepe come vpon mee. 38

Tytia. Sleepe thou, and I will windē thee in my armeſ! ¶ Faerieſ, be gon, and be alwaies away! [Exeunt Faerieſ.
¶ So doth the woodbine, the ſweete Honiſuckle,

[Winds him in her armeſ.

Gently entwift: the female Iuy, fo 42
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elme.

*16. Mustardseed] Mastardseede III. i. 2, p. 240.
Q. Mustardseed, Q2, F. ‡30. deſirſt] deſireſt Q1, 2, F.

†19. Mounfieur] Q2, F. Moun- But the line is Tytania's, and verſe.
ueur Q.

24. maruailes] Q. maruailous 35. thee thence] Hanmer. thee
Q2. maruellous F. See note on Q1, 2, F.

[IV. i. 12-43.] 44

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

O, how I loue thee! how I dote on thee! [They sleepe.]

Enter ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

Ob. Welcome, good Robin! Seest thou this sweete fight?
Her dotage, now I doe beginne to pittie; 46

[*Points to Tit. & Bottom.*]

For, meeting her of late, behinde the wood,
Seeking sweete faours for this hatefull foole,
I did ypbraid her, and fall out with her.
For she his hairy temples then had rounded 50
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same deawe, which sometime on the buddes
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearles,
Stood now within the pretty flouriets eyes, 54
Like teares that did their owne disgrace bewaile.
When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,
And she, in milde tearmes, begd my patiēnce,
I then did aske of her her changeling childe: 58
Which straight she gaue mee, and her Fairy sent,
To beare him to my bower in Fairie land.
And now I haue the boy, I will vndoe
This hatefull imperfection of her eyes. 62
And, gentle *Puck*, take this transformēd scalpe [*points to Bot.*]
From off* the heade of this *Athenian swaine*;

That, hee awaking when the other do,
May all to *Athens* backe againe repaire, 66
And thinke no more of this nights accidents,
But as the feare vexation of a Dreame.

But first I will release the Fairy Queene. 69

[*Squeezes juice on her Eyes.*]

¶ Be, as thou waſt wont to bee!

See, as thou waſt wont to fee! 71

Dians budde, ore *Cupids* flower,

Hath ſuch force, and bleeffed power. 73

Now, my *Titania*! wake you, my sweete Queene! [*She wakes.*]
Tita. My *Oberon*! what viſions haue I feene!

Me thought I was enamoured of an Aſſe.

Ob. There lyes your loue!

[*points to Bottom.*]

*64. *off*] Q2, F. of Q.

72. *ore = over*] Theobald (Thirlby conj.). or Q1, 2, F.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

<i>Tita.</i>	How came these things to passe ?	
O, how mine eyes doe loath his visage now !		78
<i>Ob.</i> Silence a while ! ¶ <i>Robin,</i> take off this head !		
¶ <i>Titania,</i> musicke call ! and ftrike more dead		
Then common sleepe, of all these fwe, the sensē !		81
<i>Ti.</i> Musick, howe ! musick ! such as charmeth sleepe.		
	[<i>Musick, still.</i> *]	
<i>Rob.</i> Now, when thou wak'ft, with thine own fools eyes peepe ! [takes the Asses head off <i>Bottom.</i>	83	
<i>Ob.</i> Sound, Musick ! Come, my queen ! take hands with me, [They take hands & dance.		
And rocke the ground whereon these sleepers be !		85
Now, thou and I are new in amitie,		
And will to morrow midnight, solemnly		87
Daunce, in Duke <i>Theseus</i> house triumphantly,		
And bleffe it to all faire prosperitie.		89
There shall the paires of faithfull louers be		
Wedded, with <i>Theseus</i> , all in iollitie.		91
<i>Rob.</i> Fairy King, attend, and marke !		
I do heare the morning Larke.		93
<i>Ob.</i> Then, my Queene, in silence sad, Trippe we after nights shade :		
We, the Globe, can compasse foone,		95
Swifter then the wandring Moone.		97
<i>Tita.</i> Come, my Lord ! and in our flight, Tell me how it came this night,		
That I sleeping here was found,		99
With these mortals on the ground !		101
	[<i>Exeunt. Sleepers Lye still.</i> †	
	[<i>VVinde horne.</i>	

*Enter THESEUS and all his traine, with HIPPOLITA & EGEUS.
May 1, Daybreak.*

The. Goe, one of you ! finde out the forrester !
For now our obseruation is performde :

81. *fwe*] Theobald (Thirlby conj.). fine Q1, 2, F. | 84-91: eight rimes in e. See p. 28.

82. *howe*] ho Q2, F.

*82. *Musick, still*] F.=soft music.

95. *after*] Q1. after the Q2, F.

†101. *Sleepers...*] F. *Exeunt.* Qq.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

And since we haue the vaward of the day,
My lone shall heare the musicke of my hounds ! 105
Vncouple ! in the westerne vallie let them goe !
Dispatch, I say, and finde the forrester !

[Exit one of the Traine.]

¶ Wee will, faire Queene, vp to the mountaines toppe,
And marke the muscalle confusio[n] 109
Of hounds and Echo in coniunctio[n].

Hip. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,
When in a wood of *Creete* they bayed the Beare
With hounds of *Sparta* : neuer did I heare 113
Such gallant chiding ! For, besides the groues,
The skyes, the fountaines, euery region neare
Seemd all one mutuall cry : I neuer heard
So muscalle a discord, such sweete thunder ! 117

Theſ. My hounds are bred out of the 'Spartane' kinde,
So flew'd, so fanded ; and their heads are hung
VVith eares that fweepe away the morning deawe ;
Crooke-kneed, and deawlapte, like *Theſſalian* Buls ; 121
Slowe in purſuit, but matcht in mouth like bels,
Each vnder each. A 'cry' more tunable
Was neuer hollowd to, nor cheerd with horne,
In 'Creete,' in 'Sparta,' nor in *Theſſaly* ! 125
Iudge when you heare ! [Sees the Sleepers.] But soft ! What
nymphes are theſe ?

Egeus. My Lord ! this is* my daughter heere aſleepe !
[points to each in turn.]

And this, *Lysander* ! this, *Demetrius* is !
This, *Helena* ! old *Nedars Helena* ! 129
I wonder of their being heere together !

The. No doubt they roſe vp earely, to obſerue
The right¹ of May ; and, hearing our intent,
Came heere in grace of our ſolemnitie 133
¶ But ſpeak, *Egeus* ! is not this the day,
That *Hermia* ſhould giue anſwer of her choyce ?

Egeus. It is, my Lord !

These. Goe bid the huntſmen wake them with their hornes !

116. *Seemd*] F2. Seeme Q1, 2, F. *127. *this is*] Q2, F. this Q.
¹ right = rite.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

*Windle hornes. Shoute within: the sleepers, all but BOTTOM,
wake & start vp.*

The. Good morrow, friends! Saint *Valentine* is past! 138
¶ Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my Lord! [all kneel.]

The. I pray you all, stand vp. [they rise.]
I know you two are Riuall enemies:

How comes this gentle concord in the worlde, 142
That hatred is so farre from ialonie,

To sleepe by hate, and feare no enmitie?

Lys. My Lord, I shal reply amazedly, 145
Halfe sleepe, halfe waking. But as yet, I fweare,

I cannot truly say how I came here; 147
But as I thinke, (for truly would I speake,) —

And now I doe bethinke mee, so it is,—
I came with *Hermia* hither. Our intent

Was, to be gon from *Athens*; where we might,
Without the perill of the *Athenian* lawe,

Ege. Enough, enough, my Lord! you haue enough.
I begge the law, the law, vpon his head! 154

They would haue stolne away! ¶ They would, *Demetrius*,
Thereby to haue defeated you and me:

You of your wife, and mee of my consent;
Of my consent, that she shoulde be your wife! 158

Deme. My Lord! faire *Helen* told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;

And I, in fury, hither followed them;
Faire *Helena*, in fancy following mee. 162

But, my good Lord, I wote not by what power,
(But by some power it is,) my loue to *Hermia*

(Melted as the snowe,) feemes to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gaudie, 166

Whiche in my childehoode I did dote vpon:
And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,

The obiect and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is onely *Helena*! To her, my Lord, 170

Was I betrothed, ere I saw *Hermia*:

Windle . . .] Shoute within: they all start vp. *Windle hornes.* Q.

171. *saw*] Steevens. see Q1, 2, F.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

But, like in sicknesse, did I loath this foode ;
 But, as in health, come to my naturall taste,
 Now I doe wifh it, lone it, long for it,
 And will for euermore be true to it !

174

The. Faire louers, you are fortunately met !
 Of this discoufre, we more will here anon.

Egeus, I will ouerbeare your will ;
 For in the Temple, by and by, with vs,
 These couples shall eternally be knit.

178

And, (for the morning now is somthing worne,) Our purpos'd hunting shall be fet aside.
Eaway, with vs, to *Athens* ! Three and three,
 Weele holde a feast in great solemnitie.

182

184

Come, *Hypolita* !
 [Exeunt THESEUS & all his traine, with HYPPOLITA
 & EGEUS.

Deme. These things seeme small and vndisguishable, 186
 Like farre off mountaines turnēd into clouds !

Her. Me thinks I see these things with parted eye,
 When euery thing seemes double !

Hel. So mee thinkes :
 And I haue found * *Demetrius*, like a iewell,
 Mine owne, and not mine owne !

190

Dem. Are you sure
 That we are awake ? It seemes to me,
 That yet we sleepe, we dreame ! Do not you thinke
 The Duke was here, and bid vs follow him ?

194

Her. Yea, and my father ! . . .
Hel. And *Hypolita* ! . . .

Lys. And he did bid vs follow to the Temple !
Dem. Why, then, we are awake ! lets follow him,
 And, by the way, let vs † recount our dreames !

198

[Exeunt Louers.‡
 [BOTTOOME wakes.§] *Clo.* When my cue comes, call mee,
 and I will answere. My next is, ‘most faire Pyramus.’

172. *in*] Steevens (Farmer conj.). | §199. *Bottome wakes.*] F.
 a Q1, 2, F. | 200. *most faire Pyramus*] No

*190. *found*] Q2, F. fonnd Q. | such cue is in the Enterlude: see
 †198. *let vs*] Q2, F. lets Q. | V. i. 187. ‘Most radiant P.’ III. i.
 ‡198. *Exeunt . . .*] Exit Louers. F. | 8o.

A Midsummers Nightes Dreame.

Hey ho! [yawns] Peeter Quince! Flute, the bellowes-mender!*
Snout the tinker! Starueling! Gods my life! Stolne [202
hence, and left mee a sleepe? I haue had a moft rare vission!
I haue had a dreame, past the wit of man, to say what
dreame it was! Man is but an Asfe, if hee goe about to†
expound this dreame. Me thought I was . . . there is no man
can tell what! Me thought I was . . . and me thought I [207
had . . . But man is but a patcht‡ foole, if hee will offer to
say what mee thought I had! The eye of man hath not
heard, the eare of man hath not feene, mans hand is not able
to tafte, his tongue to conceiue, nor his hearte to report, [211
what my dreame was! I will get Peter Quince to write a
Ballet of this dreame: it shall be call'd *Bottoms Dreame*,
because it hath no 'bottome': and I will sing it in the latter
end of a Play, before the Duke. Peraduenture, to make it
the more gratious, I shall sing it at her death. [Exit. 216

Actus Quartus. § Scena Secunda.

Athens. QUINCES House. May 1.

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE (*cald THISBY*), SNOUT and
STARUELING.||

Quin. Haue you sent to *Bottoms* house? Is he come home
yet?

Staru.** Hee cannot be heard of! Out of doubt he is
transported!

Thys. If hee come not, then the Play is mard! It goes
not forward: Doth it?

Quin. It is not possible! You haue not a man, in all
Athens, able to discharge *Pyramus*, but he!

Thys. No, hee hath simply the best wit of any handycraft
man in *Athens*.

*201.mender] Q2, F. menders Q.
+205-6. to expound] Q2, F. ex-
pound Q.

‡208. a patcht] a patch'd F.
patcht a Q1, 2.
215. a Play] our Play S. Walker
conj.: probably right.

IV. i. 201-216; ii. 1-10.]

216. her] = Thisby's. Collier.
216. Exit.] Q2, F.

§ Actus Quartus] F. Qq. om.
|| Flute, &c.] Flute, Thisbie, Snout,
and Starueling. F. Flute, Thisby,
and the rabble. Q1, 2.
**3. Staru.] F. Flut. Q1, 2.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too; and hee is a very Paramour, for a sweete voice! 12

Thisf. You must say, ‘Paragon.’ A ‘Paramour’ is (God blesse vs!) a thing of nought.

Enter Snug, the Ioyner (who's to play Lion).

Snug. Masters, the Duke is comming from the Temple; and there is two or three Lords and Ladies more married. If our sport had gon forward, wee had all beene made men! 17

Thyf. O sweete bully *Bottome!* Thus hath hee lost six pence a day, during his life: hee coulde not haue scaped fise pence a day! And the Duke had not giuen him fix pence a day, for playing *Pyramus*, Ile be hang'd! He would haue deferued it! Six pence a day, in *Pyramus*, or nothing! 22

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these lads? Where are these harts?

[they gather round him.]

Quin. Bottom! O most courageous day! O most happy houre!

Bott. Masters! I am to discourse wonders: but aske me not what! For if I tell you, I am no* true Athenian! ... I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out! 27

Quin. Let vs heare, sweete *Bottom!*

Bot. Not a word of mee! All that I will tell you, is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparrell together; good strings to your beardes, new ribands to your pumpes; meete presently at the palace; every man looke ore his part! For, the short and the long is, our play is preferd! In any cafe let *Thyfby* [33 haue cleane linnen; and let not him that plaies the Lyon, pare his nailes; for they shall hang out for the Lyons clawes. And, most deare Actors, eate no Onions, nor garlick! for we are to vtter sweete breath: and I do not doubt but to hear them say, ‘it is a sweete Comedy!’ No more wordes! Away! go! away! [Exeunt. † 39]

II. *too*] Q2, F. to Q.

*26. *no*] F. not Q1, 2.

†39. *Exeunt.*] F.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.*

Athens. The palace of THESEUS. May 1.

*Enter (from the Temple) THESEUS, his Dutchesse
HYPPOLITA, and all his traine, with PHILOSTRATE.*

Hip. Tis strange, my Theseus, that these louers speake of!
The. More 'straunge' then true! I neuer may beleue
These ántique fables, nor these Fairy toyes.

Louers and mad men haue such feething braines, 4
Such shaping phantasies, that apprehend
More then coole reasoun ever comprehends.
The lunatick, the louer, and the Poet,
Are of imagination all compact: 8

One, sees more diuels then vast hell can holde:
That is the mad man. The louer, all as frantick,
Sees *Helens* beauty in a brow of *Egypt*.

The Poets eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, 12
Doth glance from heauen to earth, from earth to heauen.
And, as Imagination bodies forth

The formes of things vnknowne, the Poets penne
Turnes them to shapes, and givnes to ayery nothing, 16
A locall habitation, and a name.
Such trickes hath strong imaginatiön,

That, if it would but apprehend some ioy,
It comprehends some bringer of that ioy; 20
Or in the night, imagining some feare,
How easie is a bush suppos'd a Beare!

Dutch. Hyp. But all the story of the night told ouer,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together, 24
More witnesfeth than Fancies images,
And growes to something of great constancy;
But, howsoeuer, strange and admirable!

The. Here come the louers, full of ioy and mirth! 28

*Enter, the married Louers; LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS,
HERMIA and HELENA.*

Ioy, gentle friends! ioy, and fresh daies of loue,

* *Actus Quintus]* F. 28. *Enter . . .] Qq, F (after l. 27).*
v. i. 1-29.] 52

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Accompany your hearts !

Lys.

More then to vs,

Waite in your royll walkes, your boorde, your bedde ! 31

The. Come now ! what maskes, what daunces, shall wee haue,
To weare away this long age of three hours,

Betweene our^{*} after-supper, & bed-time ?

Where is our vsuall manager of mirth ?

What Reuels are in hand ? Is there no play,

36

To easse the anguish of a torturing hower ?

¶ Call *Philofstrate* !

Philofstrate.

Here, mighty *Theseus* !

38

The. Say, what abridgement haue you for this euening ?

What maske ? what musicke ? How shall we beguile 40

The lazy tyme, if not with some delight ?

Philof. There is a briefe, how many sports are ripe.

[Gives *THESEUS* a list of Sports.

Make choyce, of which your Highnesse will see first !

The. [reads] ‘The battell with the Centaures, to be sung 44

By an Athenian Eunuche, to the Harpe ?’

(Weele none of that ! That, haue I tolde my loue,

In glory of my kinsman Hercules.)

‘The ryot of the tipſie Bachanals,

48

Tearing the Thracian finger, in their rage ?’

(That is an olde deuife ; and it was plaid,

When I from Thebes came last a conquerer.)

‘The thrife three Muses, mourning for the death

52

Of learning, late deceast in beggery ?’

(That is some Satire keene and critcall,

Not sorting with a nuptiall ceremony.)

‘A tedious briefe Scene of young Pyramus

56

And his loue Thisby : very tragicall mirth ?’

¶ Merry, and ‘tragicall’ ? ‘Tedious,’ and ‘briefe’

That is, hot Ife, and wondrous[†] strange know.

How shall we find the concord of this discord ?

60

Philof. A Play there is, my Lord, some ten words long :

(Which is as ‘briefe’ as I haue knowne a play :)

But, by ten words, my Lord, it is too long,

*34. *our*] F. Or Q1, 2.

†59. *wondrous*] Q2, F. *wodrous* Q (? read *stain'd* for *strange*).

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Which makes it 'tedions' ; For, in all the Play,	64
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.	
And 'tragicall', my noble Lord, it is ;	
For <i>Pyramus</i> therein doth kill himselfe.	
Which, when I saw rehearst, I must confesse,	68
Made mine eyes water ; but more merry teares,	
The passion of loud laughter neuer shed.	
These. What are they, that doe play it ?	
Phil. Hard-handed men, that worke in <i>Athens</i> here,	72
Which neuer labour'd in their minds till nowe,	
And now haue toyled their vnbreathed memories	
With this same Play, against your nuptiall.	
The. And wee will heare it !	
Phi. No, my noble Lord !	76
It is not for you ! I haue heard it ouer,	
And it is nothing, nothing in the world ;	
Vnlesse you can finde sport in their entents,	
Extreamely stretcht, and cond with cruell paine,	80
To do you seruice.	
The. I will heare that play !	
For neuer any thing can be amisse,	
When simplenesse and duety tender it.	
Goe bring them in ! ¶ and take your places, Ladies !	84
<i>[Exit PHILOSTRATE.]</i>	
Hip. I loue not to see wretchednesse orecharged ;	
And duety, in his seruice, perishing.	
The. Why, gentle sweete, you shall see no such thing.	
Hip. He fayes, they can doe 'nothing' in this kinde.	88
The. The 'kinder' we, to giue them thanks for 'nothing'.	
Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake.	
And what poore duty cannot doe, noble respect	
Takes it in might, not merit.	92
Where I haue come, great Clerkes haue purposēd	
To greete me, with premeditated welcomes :	
Where I haue seene them shiuier and looke pale,	
Make periods in the midst of sentences,	96
Throttle their practiz'd accent in their feares,	
And, in conclusion, dumbly haue broke off,	
Not paying mee a welcome : Trust me, sweete,	
Out of this silence, yet I pickt a welcome :	
100	
V. i. 64-100.]	54

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

And in the modeſty of fearefull duty,
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of fauſy and audacious eloquence.
Loue, therefore, and tong-tide ſimplicity,
In leaſt, ſpeake moſt, to my capacity.

104

Re-enter PHILOSTRATE.

Philof. So please your Grace, the Prologue is addrefſt !
Duk. Let him approach ! [Florish of Trumpets.

Enter the Prologue, Manager QUINCE, the Carpenter.*

Pro. If wee offend, it is with our good will. 108
That you shoule thinke, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To shew our ſimple ſkill,
That is the true beginning of our end. 111
Conſider then, we come but in deſpight.
We doe not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,

Wee are not here. That you ſhould here repente you, 115
The Actors are at hand, and, by their ſhowe,
You ſhall know all, that you are like to knowe. 117
The. This fellow doth not ſtand vpon points !

Lys. He hath rid his Prologue like a rough Colte : hee
knowes not the ſtoppe. A good morall, my Lord ! It is not
enough to ſpeakē ; but to ſpeakē true ! 121

Hyp. Indeed, he hath plaid on this Prologue, like a child
on a Recorder ; a ſound, but not in gouernement.

The. His ſpeach was like a tangled Chaine ; nothing im-
paired, but all diſordered. Who is next ? 125

+TAWYER with a Trumpet before them :

*Enter PYRAMUS (BOTTOM the Weaver), and THISBY (FLUTE
the Bellowes-Mender), and Wall (SNOUT the Tinker),
and Moone-shine (STARUELING the Tailor), and Lyon
(SNUG the Ioiner).*

Prologue. Gentles ! perchance you wonder at this ſhow ; 126
But wonder on, till truthe make all things plaine.

107. *Florish of Trumpets]* Flor. | 125-6. *Tawyer . . .]* F. T. was
Trum. Fl. | no doubt, a Player of the Globe
*108. *Quince]* F. Company.
122. *this]* Q1, 2. his F.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

This man is Pyramus, if you would knowe;

[Points to each in turn.

<i>This beautious Lady, Thisby* is certaine.</i>	129
<i>This man, with lyme and roughcast, doth present</i>	130
<i>Wall, that vile wall which did these louers funder ;</i>	
<i>And through wals chinke, poore soules, they are content</i>	
<i>To whisper. (At the which, let no man wonder.)</i>	133
<i>This man, with lanterne, dogge, and bush of thorne,</i>	134
<i>Presenteth Moone-shine ; For, if you will know,</i>	
<i>By moone-shine did these louers thinke no scorne</i>	
<i>To mee at Ninus tombe, there, there, to wooo.</i>	137
<i>This grizly beast, (which Lyon hight by name,)</i>	
<i>The trusty Thyfby, (comming first by night,)</i>	
<i>Did scarre away, or rather, did affright ;</i>	
<i>And as she fled, her mantle she did fall ;</i>	141
<i>Which Lyon vile, with bloody mouth did staine.</i>	
<i>Anon comes Pyramus, (sweete youth, and tall,)</i>	
<i>And findes his trusty Thifbys mantle staine :</i>	144
<i>Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,</i>	145
<i>He brauely broacht his boylng bloody breast ;</i>	
<i>And Thisby, taryng in Mulberrry shade,</i>	
<i>His dagger drewe, and dyed. For all the rest,</i>	148
<i>Let Lyon, Moone-shine, Wall, and louers twaine,</i>	
<i>At large discourse, while here they doe remaine.</i>	150
<i>The. I wonder, if the Lyon be to speake.</i>	
<i>Demet. No 'wonder', my Lord ! One 'Lyon' may, when</i>	
<i>many Asses doe.</i>	153
<i>[Exeunt Lyon, PYRAMUS, THYSBY, and Mooneshine.</i>	
<i>Wall. In this same enterlude it doth befall,</i>	
<i>That I, one Snowt† (by name) present a wall :</i>	155
<i>And such a wall, as I would haue you thinke,</i>	
<i>That had in it a craned hole or chinke,</i>	157
<i>Through which the louers, Pyramus and Thisby,</i>	
<i>Did whisper often, very secretly.</i>	159
<i>This lome, this roughcast, and this stome, doth shewe</i>	
<i>That I am that same wall : the truth is so.</i>	161
<i>And this the cranie is, right and finister,</i>	
<i>[Holds up his fingers thus ↘</i>	

*129. *Thisby*] Q2, F. Thsby Q. 153. *Exeunt...*] Exit... Qq, F.

†155. *Snowt*] F. Flute Q1, 2.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Through which the fearefull louers are to whisper. 163
The. Would you desire lime and haire to speake better?
Deme. It is the wittiest partition, that euer I heard discourse,
my Lord!

*Re-enter BOTTOM as PYRAMUS.**

The. *Pyramus drawes neare the wall: silence!* 167
Py. *O grim-lookt night! o night, with hue so blache!*
O night, which euer art, when day is not!
O night, O night! alacke, alacke, alacke!
I feare my Thisbyes promise is forgot! 171
¶ *And thou, ô wall, ô sweete, ô louely wall,* 172
That standst betweene her fathers ground and mine!
Thou wall, ô wall, O sweete and louely wall!
Showe mee thy chinke, to blink through with mine eyne! 175
[SNOUT holds up his hand, with his fingers thus <
Thankes, courteous wall! I owe shidle thee well, for this! 176
But what see I? No Thisby doe I see!
O wicked wall, through whome I see no blisse!
Curst be thy stones, for thus deceiuing mee! 179
The. The wall, mee thinkes, being sensible, shoudl curse
againe!
Pyr. No, in truth, Sir, he shoudl not! ‘*Deceiuing mee*’ is
Thisbyes cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through
the wall. You shall see it will fall pat as I told you: yonder
she comes! 185

Re-enter FLUTE as THISBY.

This. *O wall! full often hast thou heard my mones,*
For parting my faire Pyramus, and mee!
My cherry lips haue often kist thy stones;
Thy stones, with lime and hayire knit vp in thee.† 180
Pyra. *I see a voice! now will I to the chinke,*
To spy and I can heare my Thisbyes face.
Thisby!
This. *My loue! thou art my loue, I thinke!*
Py. ‘*Thinke*’ what thou wilt, I am thy louers Grace; 193
And, like Limander, am I trusly still!
This. And I, like Helen, till the Fates me kill! 195

*166. *Re-enter . . .*] Enter Pyramus. | †189. *vp in thee*] F. now againe
F (after line 167). | Q1, 2.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Pyra. Not Shafalus, to Procrus was so true!

Thisf. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you!

197

Pyr. O, kiffe mee through the hole of this vilde wall!

Thisf. I kiffe the walles hole; not your lips at all!

199

Pyr. Wilt thou, at Ninnies tombe, meete me straight way?

Thy. Tide life, tyde death, I come without delay!

201

[*Exeunt PYRAMUS & THISBY.*]

Wal. Thus haue I, Wall, my part discharged so;

And, being done, thus wall away doth goe! [*Exit Clow.** 203

Duk. Now is the Murrall downet between the two neighbors!

Deme. No remedy, my Lord, when wals are so wilfull, to
heare without warning!

206

Dutch. (*Hyp.*) This is the filliest stuppe, that euer I heard!

Duke. The best in this kinde, are but shadowes; and the
worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

209

Dutch. (*Hyp.*) It must be your 'imagination', then; & not
theirs.

Duke. If we 'imagine' no worse of them, then they of
themselues, they may passe for excellent men! Here come
two noble beasts, in a man and a Lyon!

214

*Re-enter Lyon (SNUG), and Moone-shine (STARUELING),
with his Lanthorne, Thorne-bush & Dogge.*

Lyon. You, Ladies, you (whose gentle hearts do feare

The smalleſt monſtrous mouse that creepes on floore,) 217

May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When Lyon rough, in wildefſt rage doth roare!

218

Then know that I (one‡ Snug the loyner) am

220

A Lyon-fell, nor elſe no Lyons damme;

221

For, if I ſhould, as Lyon, come in ſtrife
Into this place, 'twere pitty, on my life!

222

Duk. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience!

Deme. The very 'beſt' at a 'beaſt', my Lord, that ere I ſaw!

Lys. This Lyon is a very fox for his valour!

Duk. True: and a goofe for his discretion!

226

*203. *Exit Clow.] F.*

214. Cp. 'in Pyramus.' IV. ii.

†204. *Murrall downe] Pope(ed. 2).* 22.—W. A. Wright.

morall downe F. Moon vsed Q †219. *one] F.* as Q1, 2.

1, 2. 220. *Lyon-fell = lion's skin, hide.*

V. i. 196-226.] 58

A Midsommer Nightes Dreame.

De. Not so, my Lord! For his 'valour' cannot carry his 'discretion'; and the 'fox' carries the 'goofe'.

Duk. His 'discretion', I am sure, cauot 'carry' his 'valour'; For the 'goofe' carries not the 'fox'. It is well! leaue it to his 'discretion', and let vs listen to the Moone!

Moone. *This lanthorne doth the hornēd moone present.* . . .

(*Deme.* He should haue worne the hornes on his* head!)

Duk. He is no crescent; and his hornes are inuiible, within the circumference!

Moone. *This lanthorne doth the hornēd moone present:*

Myselfe, the man ith Moone, doe seeme to be. . . .

Duke. This is the greatest errore of all the rest: the 'man should be put into the 'lanthorne'. How is it else the 'man ith Moone'?

Deme. He dares not come there, for the candle. For, you see, it is already 'in snuffe'.

Dutch. (*Hyp.*) I am aweary of this *Moone!* Would hee woulde change!

Duke. It appeares, by his small light of discretion, that hee is in the wane: but yet, in curtefie, in all reson, wee must stay the time!

Lysan. Procede, *Moone!*

Moon. All that I haue to say, is to tell you, that the lanthorne is the Moone, I the man ith Moone, this thorne bush my thorne bush, and this dogge my dogge. [*Points to each.*]

Deme. Why! All these should be in the 'lanthorne'; for all these are in the 'Moone'. But silence! here comes *Thisby*!

Re-enter THISBY.

Th. *This is ould Ninies tumbe. Where is my loue?* 254

Lyon. [*The Lion roares.*] *Oh!* [THISBY runs off.†]

Dem. Well roard, Lyon!

Duke. Well runne, *Thisby*!

Dutch. (*Hyp.*) Well shone, *Moone!* Truly, the Moone shines with a good grace.

[*The Lyon touzles THISBYS mantle, & stains it with blood; then Exit.* 259]

*233. his] Q2, F. nis Q.

†255. *The Lion roares. . . Thisby runs off.*] F (after 'Oh,' 255).

A Midsommer Nightes Dreame.

Duk. Well mouz'd, Lyon !

Dem. And then came Pyramus ! . . .

Lys. And so the Lyon vanisht ! 261

Re-enter PYRAMUS, girt with a Sword.

Pyr. Sweete Moone, I thanke thee for thy funny beams ! 262

I thanke thee, Moone, for shining now so bright !

For, by thy gratioues, golden, glittering beames,
I trust to take, of truest Thisby, sight ! 265

But stay : ô spight ! [Sees THISBY'S mantle.

But marke, poore knight,
What dreadfull dole is here ! 268

Eyes, do you see ?

How can it bee ?

O dainty duck ! o deare ! 271

Thy mantle good, . . .

What ! staind with blood ?

Approach, ye Furies fell ! 274

O Fates, come, come !

Cut thred and thrumme !

Quaile, crush, conclude, and quell ! 277

Duke. This passion, & the death of a deare friend, would
goe neere to make a man looke sad !

Dut. (Hyp.) Besfrew me heart, but I pitty the man !

Pyr. O, wherefore, Nature, didst thou Lyons frame ? 281

Since Lyon wilde hath here deflour'd my deare,
Which is, (no, no !) which was, the fairest dame

That liu'd, that lou'd, that lik't, that look't with cheere ! 284

Come teares, confound !

Out, sword ! and wound [Draws his Sword.

The pappe of Pyramus ! 287

I, that left pappe,

Where heart doth hoppe. 289

Thus dy I ! thus, thus, thus ! [Stabs himselfe.

Now am I dead !

Now am I fled !

My soule is in the sky ! 293

Tongue, loose thy light !

Moone, take thy flight !

Now dy, dy ! dy, dy, dy ! [Dies. 296

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Dem. No ‘Die’ but an ace for him; For he is but ‘one’.

Lys. Leffe then an ‘ace’, man; For he is dead, he is ‘nothing’.

Duke. With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet recouer,
and yet prooue an ‘Aſſe’. 300

Dut. (Hyp.) How chance *Moone-shine* is gone, before *Thisby*
comes backe, and findes her louer?

Duk. Shee will finde him, by starre-light. Here shee
comes! and her passion ends the Play. 304

*Re-enter THISBY.**

Dut. (Hyp.) Me thinkes ſhe ſhould not vfe a long one, for
ſuch a *Pyramus*: I hope ſhe will be briefe! 306

Demet. A moth will turne the ballance, which *Pyramus*,
which *Thisby*, is the better: he for a man; God warnd vs!
the, for a woman, God blesſe vs!

Lys. She hath ſpied him already, with thoſe ſweete eyes.

Deme. And thus ſhe meanes, *videlicet*:-

Thisf. A-sleepe, my loue? [Shakes him.]

What? dead! my doue?

O Pyramus, arife! 314

Speake, ſpeake! Quite dumbe?

Dead! dead? A tumbe

Must couer thy ſweete eyes. 317

These lilly lippes,

This cherry nose,

These yellow cowslippe cheekeſ, 320

Are gon! are gon!

¶ Louers, make mone!

His eyes were greene as leekes. 323

¶ O Sijters three!

Come, come to mee,

With hands as pale as milke! 326

Lay them in gore,

Since you haue ſhore

With ſheeres, his threede of filke! 329

F. *yet prooue]* Q. prooue Q2, | line 302).

* *Re-enter . . . Enter . . .* F (after | 308. *warnd]* Q1, 2. *warrant*,

mod. edd. he . . . blesſe vs] F om.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

¶ Tongue, not a word!

¶ Come, trusty sword!

[Pulls P.'s sword from his left pappe.
Come, blade, my breast imbrew! [Stabs herselfe.

¶ And farewell, friends!

Thus Thynby ends:

Adieu, adieu, adieu!

[Dies. 335

Duke. Moone-shine and Lyon are left to bury the dead.

Deme. I, and Wall too.*

Bott.† [Starting vp] No! I assure you, the wall is downe
that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the Epilo-
gue, or to heare a Bergomaske daunce between two of our
company?

341

Duke. No ‘Epilogue,’ I pray you! For your Play needs no
excuse. Neuer excuse! For when the Players are all deade,
there neede none to be blamed. Mary, if hee that writ it had
played *Pyramus*, and hangd himselfe in *Thibies* garter, it
would haue beene a fine Tragedy! and so it is, truely, and
very notably discharg'd! But come, your ‘Burgomaske’! let
your ‘Epilogue’ alone! [A Bergomaske Daunce. May 2. 348

The iron tongue of midnight hath tolde twelve.

Louers, to bed! tis almost Fairy time.

I feare we shall outsleepe the comming morne,

As much as wee this night haue ouerwatcht.

352

This palpable-grosse Play hath well beguil'd

The heauie gate of night! Sweete friends, to bed!

A fortnight holde we this solemnitie,

In nightly Reuels, and new iollity!

[Exeunt. 356

Enter PUCKE, with a broom.

Puck. Now the hungry Lyon roares,

357

And the wolfe behowl's the Moone;

Whilst the heauie ploughman snores,

All with weary taske foredoone.

360

Now the wasted brands doe glowe,

361

Whilst the scriech-owle, scrieching lowd,

*337. *too*] Q₂, F. to Q.

2, F.

†338. Bott.] Bot. F. Lyon Q₁, 2.

358. *behowl's*] Theobald (War-

357. Lyon] Rowe. Lyons Q₁,

burton). beholds Q₁, 2, F.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Puts the wretch that lyes in woe, In remembrance of a shrowde.	364
Now it is the time of night, That the graues, all gaping wide, Euery one lets forth his spright, In the Churchway paths to glide.	365
And wee Fairies, (that doe runne By the triple <i>Hecates</i> teame, From the presence of the Sunne, Following darkenesse like a dreame,) Now are frolick : not a mouse Shall disturbe this hallowed house !	368
I am fent with broome, before, To sweene the dust behinde the dore.	369
	372
	374
	376

Enter King and Queene of Fairies, with all their traine.

<i>Ob.</i> Through the house give glimmering light, By the dead and drowsie fier !	377
Euery Elfe and Fairy spright, Hop as light as birde from brier ;	380
And this dittie, after mee, Sing, and daunce it trippingly !	382
<i>Tita.</i> First, rehearse your song by rote, To each word a warbling note !	384
Hand in hand, with Fairy grace, Will we sing, and bleffe this place.	386

OBERONS Song* : the Fairies sing it after him, & daunce.

<i>Ob.</i> Now, vntill the breake of day, Through this house each Fairy stray !	388
To the best bride-bed will wee, Which by vs shall bleffed be ;	390
And the iffe there create, Euer shall be fortunate :	392
So shall all the couples three, Euer true in louing be :	394
And the blots of natures hand, Shall not in their iffe stand,	396

*386. *Oberons song*] The Song. F. Song and dance. Capell.
387-408 in italics, in F, as if they were the song.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Neuer mole, hare-lippe, nor scarre, Nor marke prodigious, (such as are Despisēd in nativitie,) 398
Shall vpon their children be. 400
With this field-deaw consecrate, Euerie Fairy take his gate, 402
And each feuerall chamber bleffe, Through this palace with sweete peace ! 404
And the owner of it bleſt, Euer shall in safety reſt. 406
Trippe away ! make no ftay ! Meete me all, by breake of day ! 408

[*Exeunt all but PUCKE.*]

Epilogue.

<i>Robin.</i> If we shadowes hane offendēd, Thinke but this, (and all is mended,) 410
That you haue but ſlumbred here, While theſe viſions did appeare. 412
And this weake and idle theame, (No more yielding, but a <i>DREAME</i>), 414
Gentles, doe not reprehend !
If you pardon, wee will mend : 416
And, as I am an honeft <i>Puck</i> ,
If we haue vnearned luck, 418
Now to ſcape the Serpents tongue,
We will make amends, ere long : 420
Else the <i>Puck</i> , a 'lyer' call.
So, good night vnto you all ! 422
Giue me your hands, if we be friends ;
And <i>Robin</i> ſhall restore amends. 424

405, 406. Q1, 2, F have these transpos'd. C. R. W., in *Illustr. Lond. News*, set 'em right.

FINIS.

NOTES.

p. 2, I. i. 27. Scan, for 5 measures, *This man / hath b'witcht /*; or better, for 6, *This / man hath / bewitched /*

p. 9, I. ii. 22. *To the rest! . . .* is ‘Now go on to the rest of the Players!’ (see l. 32) and then the irrepressible egoist breaks out again.—B. Nicholson.

p. 18, II. i. 249. Scan, ‘I know / a banke / where the wilde / time / blowes /’. Note the pauses wrought by the long vowels and consonant-breaks, *ild—tt, im—blō*.

p. 43, III. ii. 461. ‘*Iacke shall haue Gill,*’ Cp. Berowne’s ‘*Iacke hath not Gill,*’ p. 82 abov, *L. L. Lost*, V. ii. 850, and
 ‘*All shalbe well, Iacke shall haue Gill:*
 Nay nay, Gill is wedded to wyll.’
Iacke and Gill. 12. Heywood’s *Three hundred Epigrammes, upon three hundred prouerbes.* 1562.

p. 43, III. ii. 463. Browne prints this line as two, in his *Damoiselle*, IV. ii.

p. 43, Direction after l. 463. A friend writes, ‘This alteration of F. destroys a little bit of stage history: F. means that the Actors lie asleep on the stage while the Music plays which marks the interval between the Acts. Compare stage directions in *Marston*, Vol. i, pp. 104, 132, 162-3, 178, 191, 200, 219, 253, 254, and vol. ii, pp. 88, 227, 234; ed. Halliwell.

p. 44, IV. i. 22-3. *to helpe Caualery Cobwebbe to scratch.* Grey notes that Cobwebbe has ‘been despatched upon a perilous adventure’: see l. 12-16. He would read *Pease-blossom.* ? A slip of Shakspere’s. We keep Cobwebbe on the stage.

p. 50, IV. i. 207-8. *me thought I had.* ? Bottom feels his head.

p. 51, IV. ii. 11-12. Some eds. give this speech to *Snout*, who has no other speech, and *Flute’s* correction, 13-14, to *Quince*, because Quince is generally the corrector of other folk. But we know that Quince ‘doth not stand upon points’ (V. i. 118), that ‘His speach was like a tangled chaine’ (V. i. 124), and that he said Bottom went ‘to see a noyse that he heard’. He might therefore mistake ‘Paramour’ for ‘Paragon’; he was but one of the ‘hempen home-spunnes’ (III. i. 66), ‘patches, rude Mechanicals’ (III. ii. 9); and we therefore hold that no sufficient reason has been shown for changing the text, in which Q1, 2, F are firm.

p. 53, V. i. 34. *after-supper.* ? the old *rere-supper*.

p. 53, V. i. 39. *abridgement*, a Play. Cp. Hamlet on the Players: “they are the abstract and breefe Chronicles of the time.” II. ii. 548. (Cp. *briefe*, M. N. Dr., V. i. 42.) Or a Play as a time-shortener, pastime, entertainment.

p. 59, V. i. 242. *in snuffe*, metaphorically, ‘in anger’.

p. 64, V. i. 420, 424. *amends.* What play had Shakspere in hand then? *The Merchant?*

p. 64, V. i. 423. *Give me your hands:* clap your hands, applaud.

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